"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." II.—OUR TROOPS ON THE BORDER.
By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE GREAT DERRICK.—DRAWN BY THULSTRUP AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 309.]
TO BE USED IN CONSTRUCTING THE DOME OF THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

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"THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD."

The second article in this important series—St. Petersburg, by E. M. DE VOGÜÉ*—will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

MR. CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

MR. CLEVELAND'S letter in reply to that of General EDWARD S. BRAGG is an authoritative statement that he does not decline to be considered a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. The letter is timely, because it has been alleged that in the present situation he might not care to enter upon a contest, and the distinct knowledge that he is willing to do so removes all uncertainty. The letter is remarkable also for very plain speech about the course of Senator HILL—a course wholly unprecedented in our political history. WEBSTER and CLAY were eager for the Whig nomination for the Presidency, but they did not "hustle" for it with a total disregard of the dignity of the office, and the self-respecting decencies of political controversy. Mr. HILL "goes for" the Presidential nomination as one of his "heelers" might push for an appointment in the Custom-house. Mr. LOWNDES, of South Carolina, said long ago that the Presidency was neither to be sought nor declined; and it is undoubtedly the feeling of honorable Americans that a man who seeks to capture the nomination by the machinery of party, instead of receiving it as the unbought expression of party preference, is unfit to hold the office.

There is no doubt that Mr. CLEVELAND is the choice of the more intelligent sentiment of his party, but it is equally beyond doubt that he is as positively not the choice of what is apparently its controlling force. The reason is that upon fundamental questions the party is not agreed, and the three months before the meeting of the Convention will be a heated campaign to decide what the party stands for. The significance of such a situation can be easily apprehended by supposing the Republican party before its Convention of 1860 to have been hotly disputing whether it was or was not in favor of restricting the extension of slavery. General BRAGG says, indeed, in his letter that friends of Mr. CLEVELAND have found themselves on "different sides of minor questions." He means the question of free silver coinage and civil service reform. But on the same day that his letter was published, the letter or interview of Mr. BAYARD was also published, from which it appears that he does not regard free coinage as a minor question, but one of vital importance:

> "For there is not one of the acts of tyrannical power complained of in the Declaration of Independence that would inflict such widespread disaster and permanent loss and suffering as that now claimed by the advocates of free coinage of silver at the mints of the United States, without regard to the actual value of the material of which such coins are to be composed."

This shows how widely even the Democratic friends of Mr. CLEVELAND differ upon questions on which his own views have been most distinctly expressed.

The letter of Mr. CLEVELAND will heal no breaches in the Democratic party of New York. With entire truth and manly directness he says:

> "I cannot, however, refrain from declaring to you that my experience in the great office of President of the United States has so impressed me with the solemnity of the trust and its awful responsibilities that I cannot bring myself to regard a candidacy for the place as something to be won by personal strife and active self-assertion. I have also an idea that the Presidency is pre-eminently the people's office, and I have been sincere in my constant advocacy of the effective participation in political affairs on the part of all our citizens; consequently I believe the people should be heard in the choice of their party candidates, and that they themselves should make nominations as directly as is consistent with open, fair, and full party organization and methods."

This is wholesome plain speech concerning Mr. HILL and his campaign to secure the nomination. But it is an offence which the HILL faction will not forgive. The letter will show to the managers of the Convention; if any further evidence were needed, the gravity of the situation in New York, and the doubtful party wisdom of selecting a candidate from a State in which there is not only difference of preference for candidates, but an organized party opposition to the regular party action. It is not extravagant to say that Mr. HILL would prefer to see Mr. CLEVELAND, should he be nominated, defeated rather than elected, and there are certainly enough of his friends in the State who, taking the same view, would secure the defeat. This is a probability which cannot be denied, and which would not be outweighed in the judgment of sagacious managers of the Convention by the assertion that the Democratic masses are overwhelmingly for CLEVELAND. It is a situation greatly to be deplored by those who would gladly see the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, but a situation which throws a strong light upon the Democratic situation.

THE SEAL FISHERY.

THE question of the seal fishery, which was generally supposed to be in process of peaceful settlement under the agreement of arbitration, has suddenly taken an angry aspect. This result is due to the refusal of Lord SALISBURY to continue the understanding of last year to prevent poaching and the wanton destruction of the seals which threaten the extermination of the fishery. Lord SALISBURY proposes protection for a distance of thirty miles from the islands. This is, of course, grotesque, because if the fishery is to be protected beyond the three-mile limit, it is in the common interest of the world in the preservation of the fishery; but if that is to be considered, there is no reason why the protection of last year should not continue. The prolongation of this controversy is to be deeply regretted, because, in the political situation of both countries, it is likely greatly to embitter feeling, if not to lead to trouble. In neither country, so far as appears, is there any general public sentiment which would justify a resort to extreme measures. But in both countries it is not impossible that party spirit may be kindled into that angry unreason from which wars for such trivial causes spring.

It is not too soon for the formation and expression of a strong and intelligent opinion in both countries which will counteract the game of politicians bent solely upon party advantage. The essential question is a simple one. Have we an exclusive jurisdiction in the Bering Sea? There is also the collateral question, whether we have such a right of property in the seals that we may protect them beyond the three-mile limit? The adjustment of these questions will settle the difficulty. The treaty providing for arbitration, which the President has laid before the Senate, submits the questions to a board of seven eminent jurists of their respective countries, to be selected: two by the United States, two by Great Britain, one by France, one by Italy, and one by Sweden and Norway. Pending the arbitration, which implies a friendly disposition, there should be a friendly agreement upon both sides not to aggravate the situation by efforts to secure some advantage upon the plea that the question is not yet settled.

The plea upon which Lord SALISBURY declines to renew the agreement of last year is that the British Commissioner has stated that so drastic a remedy as two successive years of cessation from "pelagic sealing," or sealing on the deep sea, is not necessary for the preservation of the seals. But that is not the information of our government. In any case the advantage to be derived during a year or two years by Canadian poachers is not an advantage for which, under the circumstances, the peace of the two countries should be imperilled, and the responsibility plainly lies with the government which declines to renew the understanding by which, pending the arbitration, the poaching was prohibited. The main question is not to be settled by negotiation, for it is agreed that the two governments cannot agree. It is to be settled, as all such questions should be settled between civilized states, by arbitration, and while the arbitration proceeds, it is not unreasonable to require that neither side shall take advantage of the situation.

THE TARIFF AND SILVER.

THE tariff debate languishes. Speeches are daily delivered, but there is as yet no general interest in them, and it is understood that there is a difference of opinion among the Democratic leaders in Congress whether the wiser course was pursued in the decision to attack certain points of the MCKINLEY bill, instead of presenting a complete system of duties adjusted upon tariff-reform principles. Moreover, tariff-reformers are not agreed that the specific changes are all based upon sound reform principles. Some of the listlessness of public feeling is doubtless due to the fact of the knowledge that no serious changes in the tariff are practicable in the present situation. Even if the Republican Senate should ratify the action of the Democratic House, the Republican President would interpose a veto, and the Senate would not overbear it. The action of the tariff-reformers in Congress, therefore, will thus amount to a declaration of good intentions, and it is certainly a fair question whether this declaration might not have been wisely made in the form of a complete bill. In that case, if the election could be made to turn upon tariff reform, Democratic success could be most plausibly interpreted as a direct popular approval of the bill.

But a more important cause of the languor of interest in the tariff debate is the very active interest which is taken in another question. The silver question, or the question of a sound currency, is much more immediately pressing. Whether the Democratic majority will declare in favor of paying debts with seventy-cent dollars is a question of profound interest to the country as well as to the party. It is a question upon which the position of neither party, as a whole, is satisfactory. The recent Republican Convention in the President's own State declares "we are in favor of honest money that, whether it be gold or silver or paper, shall be of like value in the payment of debts." That is not so strong and clear as the Democratic declaration in Rhode Island; "Every dollar of American money, whether of gold, silver, or paper, ought to be of equal value the world over." Still better, because more direct, is the New York Democratic declaration: "We are against the coinage of any silver dollar which is not of the intrinsic value of any other dollar of the United States."

But the general declaration of the Democratic conventions of last year was of a very different kind. The enormous majority of Democratic Representatives elected to this Congress, as their votes showed on the late test question, hold very different views. And while a very large property interest in the silver mines is Republican, and some Republican Senators and Representatives support the free silver-policy, there is little doubt that sound sentiment upon the subject is more prevalent in the Republican than in the Democratic party. It may be said, perhaps, in this situation that it is not a party question. But in view of the late vote in the House, and of the platforms of last year, and of general knowledge and observation, is there much doubt that the chances of unsound currency legislation are greater with Democratic than with Republican ascendency? Are there any Republican leaders corresponding to Mr. CARLISLE and Mr. MILLS among Democrats who favor the free coinage of silver? It is for every reason desirable that the position of parties upon this question should be understood as clearly as possible. If the same Democratic majority which appointed a day for the discussion of the BLAND bill should vote for its passage, could it be denied, according to accepted party usage, that the Democratic party is a free-silver party? There would be a great and eminent body of protesting Democrats, but would they be the Democratic party? And would not many of them support the party candidate even upon that platform, as preferable to any Republican on any Republican platform?

INDIAN RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY.

BESIDES the proposed military legislation which we mention elsewhere, there is another measure pending in Congress which deserves careful consideration. It provides for the enlistment of three thousand Indians in the regular army, and it seems to indicate satisfaction with the result of the experiment undertaken about ten months ago of filling up one of the skeleton companies of each regiment with Indians. But the question is still open. There is no doubt that the enlistment of Indians in the regular service under interested and competent officers will benefit individuals, and impress the reservation Indians with the value of cleanliness and other virtues. But two important considerations are suggested.

Indians marry at a very early age, and great efforts have been made to dignify marriage, to abolish polygamy, and induce the men to work with the squaws. But enlistment as soldiers, and removal to military posts for three or five years, will necessarily break up many families, and the wives and daughters will be thrown upon their own resources among the half-breeds and loose frontier population, with results which are not without experience in cases of families of Indian scouts who are away for six months only. This degradation of Indian women is not compensated by the benefits of enlistment to the men. Moreover, if Indians are to be settled in severalty and incited to depend upon agricultural or pastoral life, their education in that direction must be continuous. But military service will not prevent them from recurring to "the blanket" upon their discharge.

There is another consideration. Indian soldiers with money in their pockets will try the ways of the kind of white men whom they are accustomed to see at the reservations, and take to drink. The Indian soldier can buy at the saloon what it is a crime to sell to the reservation Indian. Beer is the only liquor that the army regulations allow to be sold at the military posts. But Indians do not generally care for beer, and they would drink unspeakable

mixtures at the frontier saloons. There is found to be much difficulty in obtaining Indian recruits for the few companies already organized, and the three thousand could hardly be obtained unless they are permitted to remain near their families. The government refuses to enlist married white men, and there is no reason why the same rule should not apply to the Indians, unless barracks should be built upon the reservations for the recruits from single tribes quartered among their own people, where the family tie can be maintained. The scheme of recruiting is still tentative, and should be most carefully considered.

THE MINERS' STRIKE.

THE British miners' strike is an event which may involve very serious consequences. Its plea is that an over-supply of coal had glutted the market, and that to set off the reduced demand it was proposed to reduce the wages of miners. Stoppage of the supply, therefore, would necessarily stimulate the demand, and deprive the reduction of wages of its excuse. This, in a few words, is the situation so far as the motives of the strike are concerned. But the immediate results seem not to have justified the allegation of an over-supply.

Some 350,000 miners are supposed to have struck simultaneously. The immediate closing of other industries because of the strike threw out of work at least 200,000 more men. Other industries, for the same reasons, will take the same course. The Staffordshire potteries, deprived of coal, after a very few days must shut down and leave 50,000 more men unemployed; and railway companies began at once to stop trains. England is a huge factory, and without coal industrial England is paralyzed. The strike, therefore, is the removal of the floodgates of a force which is incalculable, but the great multitude of its victims must be, necessarily, the laboring poor.

The organization which can cause such an immense body of laborers simultaneously to strike work is an extraordinary power. If it could effect a combination with other laborers in other branches of work, it would be resistless. But this is only to say that if the ocean tides could continue to rise, they would submerge the land. There are laws, however, which control them. The universal effective organization of labor is a dream, because a thousand conflicting interests and conditions prevent. But the French Revolution is a perpetual illustration of the temporary local results of ignorant desperation. The difference between the local outbreaks against machinery and the other sporadic labor troubles of seventy and eighty years ago in England and the threatening aspect of a vast and organized strike like that of to-day shows how much larger the question has become. Happily the disposition to consider reasons and to reflect upon remedies has largely superseded that of ordering out the army.

GOOD NEWS FROM YALE.

THE decision of Yale University to admit women to post-graduate courses, with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, is both unexpected and gratifying. Yale is always supposed to be enveloped in a cloud of conservatism, and the present action was unanticipated. It is really a decision to establish post-graduate co-education. The proposition is not to open the undergraduate classes to women or to found an "annex" of any kind, but to receive the graduates of annexes and colleges for women, and offer them, under precisely the same conditions that they are offered to men, the highest advantages of advanced research and study.

It is pleasant to think that this wise action is distinctively American. Nowhere at any time in the history of the world has there been such essential respect for women as in this country. It is true that many unequal laws still linger, but they are belated snow-drifts under the sun of May. There is steady progress in what is described by a phrase which has been very distasteful to many excellent persons—the enfranchisement of women. But the phrase describes the fact. They have been constantly enfranchised by the repeal of unequal laws and by the modification of unjust customs.

Even the particular movement which has been most disagreeable to many most excellent women, the movement for the equal suffrage of women, advances steadily. Their suffrage in school elections has been generally legalized. At this moment bills for municipal suffrage for women are pending in several States, and there is a constantly increasing favor for such bills in every Legislature where they are presented unencumbered with other issues. The stock protests against them, as against every reform, are weaker and weaker, because they are merely outcries of an unintelligent conservatism. The kingdom cometh without observation, but it comes surely. The action at Yale is a signal proof, not of forgetfulness of womanly charm, but of the growth of the disposition which will gradually remove all arbitrary barriers from the development of women, and give them as women the same fair play which men as men enjoy.

MILITARY PROMOTION.

A QUESTION which greatly interests military circles is raised by a bill regarding promotions, No. 328, now pending in the House of Representatives. Congress originally provided that all officers without exception should be promoted by seniority in length of service in their several corps. But the practice has been to apply the rule only to grades above lieutenants, of whom both classes are promoted regimentally, so that if a captain in any regiment died, the senior first and second lieutenants, not of the whole corps, but of the regiment, were promoted.

Thus lieutenants assigned to regiments see other lieutenants in other regiments who entered long after them promoted before them. The result is that, under a practice which is of doubtful legality, the present relative rank of officers in their own corps, without fault of theirs, is not the same as at their entry. Many officers by a whim of luck find themselves promoted over fifty, seventy-five, a hundred, and, in one case, over two hundred and six of their seniors in length of service, of experience, and of age. To correct this situation a law was passed in 1890 making promotion lineal for lieutenants, but excepting the then first lieutenants. This provision has resulted mischievously, and the exception should be removed, but with a corrective measure, to avoid great injustice to many admirable officers.

For instance, in the cavalry arm there are two first lieutenants who have seen promoted over their heads seventy or eighty of their juniors. They are older than the juniors, and must sooner reach the age of retirement. If lineal promotion be established for first lieutenants, as they now stand, their juniors will precede them in the higher positions, and they will presently be retired with the rank of captain only. H. R. Bill No. 328 gives lineal promotion to first lieutenants, and at the same time offers a remedy for this injustice. With an amendment which will protect the rights of officers appointed from the volunteer service, it is believed by the friends of the bill that the result will be a greater benefit to the military service than has been conferred by Congress during the present generation.

A DEMOCRATIC MEASURE.

THE committee of the House on civil service reform, of which Mr. ANDREW, of Massachusetts, is chairman, and Mr. COOMBS, of New York, an active and efficient member, has agreed to report to the House Mr. ANDREW'S bill "to exclude political influence in the employment of laborers under the authority of the United States." This is an admirable measure, and provides for a great extension of the reformed system.

The most important step in reform since the passage of the law of 1883 is the order of Secretary TRACY in regard to labor in the navy-yards, which have been one of the strongest holds of the spoils system. The order requires the selection both of skilled and unskilled labor by proved merit, and discards the political "pull." It is a great stroke of practical reform. But it is merely an order of the Secretary. It is not law and binding upon his successor. Mr. ANDREW'S bill makes it law, and extends the operation of the same principle to the whole body of laborers employed in the public service. It enlarges the area of a reform which has been found to be most serviceable in the navy-yards, and which for some years and with the best results has been in operation in Boston and other cities of Massachusetts.

No bill more essentially democratic, in the sense of securing equal rights in the government employment for all laborers, will be submitted to the House. It requires no examination except responsible certificates of character and proper physical qualifications, and those conditions being satisfied, applicants are registered, and appointed in the order of registration. The usual talk about impracticability and visionary perfection is set aside by experience. It is not a question whether it can be done, because it is done, and done successfully and to the public satisfaction. The only question is whether a Democratic House will approve a purely democratic measure, and provide, that a man's own qualification, and not the favor of another man, shall secure him employment in the public service.

THE APRIL "HARPER."

HARPER'S MONTHLY for April is a number of exceptional attractiveness. It is a signal illustration of the excellence and value of the modern illustrated popular magazine, and contrasts curiously with the illustrated penny magazine of "'tis sixty years since." The vignette of the April number is an engraving from J. W. ALEXANDER'S portrait of WALT WHITMAN, and among the contents of the Magazine is a poem by WHITMAN, "Death's Valley," written to accompany a picture by GEORGE INNESS.

The opening article is ABBEY'S illustrated *Tempest*, with comments by ANDREW LANG. The artist "bodies forth" SHAKESPEARE'S world of faery, and it is a singularly interesting study to watch in the artist's interpretation of the poet the expression of one art by another. In this view the collection of ABBEY'S illustrations of SHAKESPEARE will be of singular interest. The second part of HOWELLS'S "The World of Chance" follows, with the exquisite touches of a realism which are the ample vindication of what are known as the author's literary heresies. But it is not possible in a paragraph to do more than mention the series of admirable papers which compose the number, and treat a variety of topics in the most modern spirit.

Mr. JULIAN RALPH'S "Brother to the Sea" is a beautifully illustrated glimpse of Lake Superior, and his "Western Modes of City Management" is full of timely interest and suggestion. EUGENE LAWRENCE'S "Mystery of Columbus" is full of the results of modern research, which lifts the veil of romance, or "door of falsehood," in which, with the lesser knowledge of his day, IRVING wraps the discoverer. The third portfolio of Mr. F. D. MILLET'S sketches from the "Black Forest to the Black Sea" is delightful, and Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS in "Eleanore Cuyler" tells a love-story of to-day in New York with characteristic charm. Among the verses of this rich number—for space is inexorable—the little poem of ALDRICH'S, "At Nijnii-Novgorod," gleams like the ruby it describes. In this number also the new occupant of "The Study" seats himself, like the heir upon the throne, by the same divine right as his predecessor. It is pleasant to observe the perennial youth of HARPER, which adjusts itself instinctively to the constantly new character of the new time.

PERSONAL.

THE disastrous effects upon shipping of the storms that have been so frequent this past winter on the British coasts, and of such unusual violence, have suggested to the proprietors of the *Daily Graphic*, of London, to offer a prize of one hundred pounds for the best means of establishing communication between a stranded ship and the shore. Many sketches and plans have been submitted already, but a few weeks have still to elapse before the various proposals will be submitted to the three judges, one of whom is an Admiral in the royal navy. In the mean time there is an excellent opportunity for Yankee ingenuity to enter the competition, which is generously open to the whole world, and perhaps to capture the prize.

—A strong bond of friendship exists between Chief-Justice FULLER and Justice HARLAN, whose appearance together on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington is always a matter of great interest to other pedestrians, for, while Justice HARLAN is much above the ordinary stature of man, Chief-Justice FULLER is as much below it. Judge FULLER'S hair and mustache are white, and his appearance is correspondingly striking. He is one of the annually diminishing number of men of note who wear their hair long.

—Judge THURMAN, at eighty, is still the most interesting figure in political life in Ohio. He has been represented as feeble and almost moribund, but these reports are untrue, and, except for the rheumatism which afflicts him, and the natural weakness of age, he is reasonably vigorous. Mentally he is most alert, and his keen interest in life and in the affairs of men remains undiminished. Since Mrs. THURMAN'S death he has occupied his old home, which adjoins that of his son, where he takes his meals, and he passes much of his time in his library, where personal and political friends frequently penetrate to interrupt him pleasantly.

—Many of the men now prominent in Congress had personal experience in the war days with the interior of military prisons. FRANK CARPENTER has made a list of a dozen men at present in public life at the national capital who were confined for a time in either Federal or Confederate dungeons. CRISP, WHEELER, COBB, GRADY, KILGORE, and TARSNEY were among these unfortunates, and the story of TARSNEY'S imprisonment is especially interesting. He was one of the first Northern soldiers to be incarcerated in Andersonville, and as that was before the establishment of discipline at that notorious place, he evaded his guards in many ways, particularly by assuming several names and drawing five rations in addition to the one to which he was entitled. Consequently he waxed fat, and when he escaped from Milan, whither he was transferred from Andersonville, he was in excellent physical condition. His escape he effected by impersonating a dead man.

—Major THEODORE T. POOLE, the newly elected Department Commander of the Grand Army of New York, has a meritorious record as a soldier, an efficient government official, and a successful, upright business man. Early in the war he enlisted in the 122d Regiment, New York Volunteers, and for conspicuous bravery was made Captain, receiving also from the government at Washington and his native State commissions as Brevet Major. For a long time Major POOLE held the office of United States Pension Agent, and now his preferment to the post of Department Commander is a fitting recognition of his varied services.

—Professor JOHN KNOWLES PAINE, who composed the Centennial Hymn for the Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, has been selected to write the orchestral march for the dedicatory exercises at the World's Fair in Chicago. Professor PAINE has since 1872 been a member of the faculty of Harvard University, and since 1876 he has been Professor of Music there. He is well known as a composer, particularly for three symphonies written between 1876 and 1880, and for the music he prepared for the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles when it was produced in the original Greek at Sanders's Theatre in Cambridge in 1881.

—The ecclesiastic who will succeed Cardinal MANNING will necessarily be a man of marked prominence among the Catholic clergy in England. The names of Mgr. GILBERT and of Dr. VAUGHAN, Bishop of Salford, have been mentioned in connection with this successorship, and the latter is a prelate of very interesting personality. He is an excellent representative of the Church Militant, for he was once a member of the aristocratic Life Guards, and he possesses the handsome figure and the dash and activity of the soldier combined with the religious enthusiasm and learning of a true churchman. It is a fact of rather curious significance that Dr. VAUGHAN has seven brothers in the priesthood.

—General PALMER is a much more impressive figure on the floor of the Senate than on the street, where his large and well-shaped head is given a slight element of the grotesque by his big slouch hat, and his heavy overcoat conceals the vigorous lines of his stalwart and athletic frame. But when he is uncovered, one is struck immediately by the dignified personality and the strong intellectuality of the man. General PALMER is noted for his democratic ways. He dresses almost invariably in black, with a coat that is a compromise between the swallow-tail of ante-bellum statesmen and the Prince Albert of men more recently in public life, and he wears absolutely no jewelry. He eats plain food from preference.

—*Katherine Kavanagh*, the new play presented by Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL at Palmer's Theatre in this city, is the dramatization of *A Field of Tares*, a powerful novel by CLO. GRAVES, recently issued in the Franklin Square Library. The book is known in England as *Dragon's Teeth*, and has been rechristened by the author in this country as *A Field of Tares*, and now, with its drama title of *Katherine Kavanagh*, the creation possesses a threefold life. The story is of uncommon strength and interest.

AN ARCHITECTURAL GROUP ON CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

"THE FORESTERS."

It is no secret that Tennyson has heretofore been both ambitious and unsuccessful as a dramatist. Charles Reade made a pretty and idyllic play out of the pretty English idyl of "Dora," and a play that has had its pleasant days on both sides of the water. But the Laureate's own dramas, *The Cup* and *The Falcon* and *Queen Mary* and *The Promise of May*, have died in London deaths lingering or sudden, but so certain from their first productions, that American managers have very seldom been daring enough to venture the reproduction of any. Since last Thursday night, when *The Foresters* had its first production on any stage at Daly's Theatre, it has been no secret in New York that Lord Tennyson's ambition has at last been gratified, and that at eighty-two he has made a brilliant début as a dramatic author, after having been the unchallenged spokesman in verse of two full generations of the English-speaking world. There cannot have been an auditor who was not glad for the aged poet, nor one who was not touched by the promise of Mr. Daly, in his little speech before the curtain, that he would telegraph to Lord Tennyson the news of the cordial greeting which this child of his hoary age had met in New York.

Of the success there was, from the close of the first act, no doubt at all, nor of its kind, but rightly to apportion its elements is not so easy. What captivated the hearers was not action, or thought, or even diction. It was an atmosphere and an illusion to which everybody concerned contributed. It was "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing." For *The Foresters*, albeit characters historical are mixed up in it with characters legendary, and though its framework is in great part that of *Ivanhoe*, is no more a historical play than it is a modern society drama. It is not the Cœur de Lion of the historians, but the Cœur de Lion of the ballad-maker that appears here with his legendary vassals, with Robin Hood and Maid Marian and Friar Tuck and Little John, as well as with his historical brother and supplanter. How absurd it would be to expound a "view" of the personages in a fairy tale, to inquire whether Prince John was really as black or the giant really as big as he is painted, and to turn the nursery into a debating society! For it is really a poetized nursery tale that the octogenarian poet has given us in *The Foresters* as truly as it was a poetized nursery tale that he gave us so long ago in "The Day Dream." It is a second childhood without dotage;—

> "For it may chance indeed that when
> Man's age is hoary among men,
> His furthest childhood may seem then
> More clear than later times maybe."

Of a poetized nursery tale it would be as absurd to scrutinize the plot as to investigate the characters. There were very possibly among the brilliant company that gathered at the first performance of *The Foresters* those who could tell at the end just what had happened to the characters and who was who among them, but such persons are rather to be pitied than envied. We do not require to do things, nor that other people should do things, in Arcadia. It is enough to be in Arcadia; and it is the illusion of dwelling there that *The Foresters* contrives to convey.

We have said that it is not easy to apportion the elements of this illusion. What Lord Tennyson has contributed to it is an unfailing flow of Arcadian diction in blank verse or archaic prose, an unfailing provision of the most Arcadian sentiments, with here and there an unmistakably Tennysonian line or passage, a happy image perfectly realized, and among the songs some that would have done honor to his prime, and that of themselves take us into the world of illusion, the Forest of Arden, and the country of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Sir Arthur Sullivan has contributed, and the leader of Mr. Daly's orchestra has chosen, music which, whatever its intrinsic merits may be, has the merit as incidental music of reflecting the tone of the play, of never disturbing and of very often heightening the illusion of the scene.

But after all it is the production to which the dramatist, if the author of *The Foresters* is in that capacity to be called so, and the auditors are mainly indebted. For a production less than perfect would have spoiled the illusion, and brought us into the light of common day, where Arcadia spells nonsense. It was evident that there were points in the play which, "overdone or come tardy off," might have sent the best-disposed audience into Homeric laughter, and overpassed the fatal step to the ridiculous. But these points were passed so swiftly and so skilfully that before they had impressed themselves upon the audience they were gone. It was not alone that the principals, that Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew, were adequate, but that there was no one inadequate. It was evident that there was no detail which had not been considered and provided for, and that the most helpless "super" was not left for one unlucky moment to his own resources. Here, in fact, are not a few actors and actresses, but a dramatic company, capable of sustaining an illusion from beginning to end and at every point of the play, and for this good gift New York owes thanks to Mr. Daly. The setting of the tale was worthy of the tale and the telling. The dressing was appropriate and rich and fantastic, and the scenes were perfectly set and painted and marvellously well lighted. The dance of the fairies with their flowers and their glowworms was one of the loveliest of stage pictures, as far removed from the grossness and vulgarity of the current "transformation scene" as Arcadia from the Bowery. And throughout the play the assembling and the dissolving of the groups again showed that nothing had been left to chance, and that care and skill and taste had combined to a perfect production. But of these things the illustrations can tell better than words.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

A PHILADELPHIA SQUARE.

BY A. E. WATROUS.

It was a Philadelphian who said: "Philadelphia's debt to New York is for grand opera and Thomas concerts. New York's to Philadelphia is for poultry and Sharpless butter."

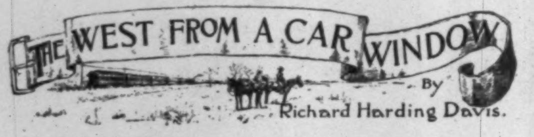
If one should substitute for the two words poultry and butter the word architecture, he would spoil the *mot*, but he would come nearer the truth—that is to say, he would if New York ever went into debt to anybody or anything but expediency and the insurance companies for its architecture of the kind portrayed on another page of this number.

It is probable that Philadelphians themselves, who put the stamp of their approval on any municipal achievement only for the guidance of their posterity, will be the last to recognize the fact, but a fact nevertheless it is, that for the last ten years the sober and straitlaced Quaker City has not only led but distanced her sister great cities of the continent in the grace and beauty of her "business" edifices.

To enumerate the decade's changes in this once painfully uniform thoroughfare would be to make a builder's catalogue. The one square shown in the illustration, which occupies the north side of the street from Ninth to Tenth, is the most conspicuous example in point. Fifteen years ago the most considerable building on the site was an old mansion which had been turned into a hotel, and called the Markoe House in honor of its original owners. Along in the late seventies the Federal government bought the east end of the square bounded by Chestnut and Market and Ninth and Tenth, which had been the site of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and set about the erection of the really creditable Post-office, the south end of which appears in the foreground of the picture. Before the Federal building was completed, William M. Singerly, the proprietor of the *Record*, bought the Markoe House site, and gave these instructions to his architect: "See that the building doesn't look like an annex to the Post-office." The orders were so well obeyed that the Post office looks like a granite wing of the white marble newspaper building. The leaven of improvement worked irregularly along the square. It passed over the old building of the Penn Mutual Life-insurance building next to the *Record*, and set the City Trust Company to building a graceful Gothic structure, with a curious entrance not unlike that of a castle keep, to the right or west of where now stands the minaretted building, the Penn Mutual's new home. This last has been completed only a year or so. It is of composite style, in which the Moorish perhaps prevails, and is the most elaborate design in this remarkable row. While it was still in process of construction, the architectural itch seized the Equitable Life-insurance Company, and it raised its building to its present dignified height. This building is just across Tenth Street, and its sober tone of gray and French Renaissance style fitly covers the right flank of the three white marble buildings, as the Post-office does their left.

There are lessons in the evolution of this row of buildings which every municipality may well bear in mind. It is the best kind of public spirit which looks not alone to the mere hiving of tenants, but also to the beautifying of a street. The New York architect who put a twelve-story building on a single shop front, and then so gloried in his work that he put his name in huge letters on the monstrosity which he had achieved, would probably laugh at the loss of room and rent in the ornamentation of three of the buildings in this block. Yet if the craft of Michael Angelo is still an art, it may be that a wise architect will have an eye not only for the capitalist who invests, but for the public which admires. Again, there is a lesson on the influence of environment in architectural evolution taught by this block of buildings. A noble Post-office drove all the ignoble buildings out of its immediate neighborhood. Still another lesson is one which Chicago is about to learn, and which New York has irrecoverably lost the chance of learning. That is the incalculable advantage to the taste of a town in the location within its borders of a world's fair. In 1876 Philadelphia, except in its colonial fragments, was the most depressing-looking of American cities. To-day, with its lovely suburbs, its fine railway entrance at Broad and Market, soon to be supplemented by the erection of the Reading Terminal Station at Twelfth and Market, with its magnificent boulevard of North Broad Street, which its citizens defended *vi et armis* from the aggression of a street-car company, and which grows in beauty from year to year, as the silly old "south-of-Market-Street" idea loses its binding force, it affords more of pleasing novelty to the eye than can be found in either of the other great cities of the country. Any close observer of the growth of the city's taste will tell you that this was largely due to the influence of the Centennial Exposition.

All of which will greatly surprise the average Philadelphian, and in some cases displease him. I have in mind at least one real-estate owner there who, if he realized these truths, would be inclined to spend at least a couple of his millions to put emancipated Chestnut Street back into the dull drab garb in which his large portion of it is clothed. And that, to New York eyes, very deliberate crowd which saunters from Broad to Seventh and Seventh to Broad (at hours which are sharply defined by the caste of the saunterers) will probably not consider that the street has been so very much changed since the days when Madam Rush held her morning sidewalk levees on it. And none of them will resent the poultry and butter joke.



II.—OUR TROOPS ON THE BORDER.*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A ROLLING, jerky train made up of several freight and one passenger car, the latter equally divided "For Whites" and "For Negroes"—which in the southwest of Texas reads "Mexicans"—dropped my baggage at Pena station, and rolled off across the prairie, rocking from side to side like a line of canal-boats in a rough sea. It seemed like the last departing link of civilization. There was the freight station itself; beyond the track a leaky water-tank, a wooden store surrounded with piles of raw foul-smelling hides left in exchange for tobacco and meal, a few thatched Mexican huts, and the prairie. It stretched on every side to the horizon, level and desolate, and rising and falling in the heat. Beneath was a red sandy soil covered with cactus and bunches of gray leafless brush, marked with the white skeletons of cattle, and overhead a sun at white heat, and heavily moving buzzards wheeling in circles or balancing themselves with outstretched wings between the hot sky above and the hot red soil below. Across this desert came slowly Trumpeter Tyler, of Troop G, Third Cavalry, mounted on the white horse which only trumpeters affect, and as white as the horse itself from the dust of the trail. He did not look like the soldiers I had seen at San Antonio. His blue shirt was wide open at the breast, his riding-breeches were bare at the knee, and the cactus and chaparral had torn his blouse into rags and ribbons. He pushed his wide-brimmed hat back from his forehead and breathed heavily with the heat. Captain Hardie's camp, he panted, lay twenty-five miles to the west. He had come from there to see if the field tents and extra rations were ever going to arrive from the post, and as he had left, the captain had departed also with a detachment on a fresh trail. "And he means to follow it," said Trumpeter Tyler, "if it takes him into Mexico." So it was doubtful if the visitor from the East would see the troop commander for several days; but if he nevertheless wished to push on to the camp, Trumpeter Tyler would be glad to show him the way. Not only would he show him the way, but he would look over his kit for him, and select such things as the visitor would need in the brush. Not such things as the visitor might want, but such things as the visitor would need. For in the brush necessities become luxuries, and luxuries are relics of an effete past and of places where tradition tells of pure water and changes of raiment, and, some say, even beds. Neither Trumpeter Tyler, nor Captain Francis H. Hardie, nor any of the officers or men of the eight troops of cavalry on field service in southwest Texas had seen such things for three long months of heat by day and cold by night, and a blizzard of sleet and rain that kept them trembling with cold for a fortnight. And it was for this reason that the visitor from the East chose to see the United States troops as they were in the field, and to tell about the way they performed their duty there, rather than as he found them at the posts, where there is at least a canteen and papers not more than a week old. Trumpeter Tyler ran his hand haughtily through what I considered a very sensibly chosen assortment of indispensable things, and selected a handful which he placed on one side.

"You think I had better not take those?" I suggested.

"That's all you can take," said the trooper, mercilessly. "You must think of the horse."

Then he led the way to the store, and pointed out the value of a tin plate, a tin cup, and an iron knife and fork, saddle-bags, leather leggins to keep off the needles of the cactus, a revolver, and a blanket. It is of interest to give Trumpeter Tyler's own outfit, as it was that of every other man in the troop, and was all that any one of them had had for two months. He carried it all on his horse, and it consisted of a blanket, an overcoat, a carbine, a feed-bag, lariat and iron stake, a canteen, saddle-bags filled with rations on one side and a change of under-clothing on the other, a shelter tent done up in a roll, a sword, and a revolver, with rounds of ammunition for it and the carbine, worn in a belt around the waist. All of this, with the saddle, weighed about eighty pounds, and when the weight of a man is added to it, one can see that it is well, as Trumpeter Tyler suggested, to think of the horse. Troop G had been ordered out for seven days' field service on the 15th of December, and it was then the 24th of January, and the clothes and equipments they had had with them when they started at midnight from Fort MacIntosh for that week of hard riding was all they had had with them since. But the hard riding had continued.

Trumpeter Tyler proved that day not only my guide, but a philosopher, and when night came on, a friend. He was very young, and came from Virginia, as his slow, lazy voice showed; and he had played in his twenty-three years the many parts of photographer, compositor, barber, cook, musician, and soldier. He talked of these different callings as we walked our horses over the prairie, and, out of deference to myself and my errand, of writing. He was a somewhat general reader, and volunteered his opinion of the works of Rudyard Kipling, Laura Jean Libbey, Captain Charles King, and others with confident familiarity. He recognized no distinctions in literature; they had all written a book, therefore they were, in consequence, in exactly the same class.

Of Mr. Kipling he said, with an appreciative shake of the head, that "he knew the private soldier from way back"; of Captain Charles King, that he wrote for the officers; and of Laura Jean Libbey, that she was an authoress whose books he read "when there really wasn't nothing else to do." I doubt if one of Mr. Kipling's own heroes could have made as able criticisms.

When night came on and the stars came out, he dropped the soldier shop and talked of religion and astronomy. The former, he assured me earnestly, was much discussed by the privates around the fire at night, which I could better believe after I saw how near the stars get and how wide the world seems when there is only a blanket between you and the heavens, and when there is a general impression prevailing that you are to be shot at from an ambush in the morning. Of astronomy he showed a very wonderful knowledge, and awakened my admiration by calling many stars by strange and ancient names—an admiration which was lessened abruptly when he confessed to having been following some other than the North Star for the last three miles, and that we were lost. It was a warm night, and I was so tired with the twenty-five-mile ride on a Mexican saddle—which is as comfortable as a soap-box turned edges up—that the idea of lying out on the ground did not alarm me. But Trumpeter Tyler's honor was at stake. He had his reputation as a trailer to maintain, and he did so ably by lighting matches and gazing knowingly at the hoof-marks of numerous cattle, whose bones, I was sure, were already whitening on the plain or journeying East in a refrigerator car, but which he assured me were still fresh, and must lead to the ranch near which the camp was pitched. And so, after four hours' aimless trailing through the chaparral, when only the thorns of the cactus kept us from falling asleep off our horses, we stumbled into two smouldering fires, a ghostly row of little shelter tents, and a tall figure in a long overcoat, who clicked a carbine and cried, "Halt, and dismount!"

I was somewhat doubtful of my reception in the absence of the captain, and waited, very wide awake now, while they consulted together in whispers, and then the sentry led me to one of the little tents and kicked a sleeping form violently, and told me to crawl in and not to mind reveille in the morning, but to sleep on as long as I wished. I did not know then that I had Trumpeter Tyler's bed, and that he was sleeping under a wagon, but I was gratefully conscious of his "bunkie's" tucking me in as tenderly as though I were his son, and of his not sharing, but giving me more than my share of the blankets. And I went to sleep so quickly that it was not until the morning that I found what I had drowsily concluded must be the roots of trees under me, to be "bunkie's" sabre and carbine.

The American private, as he showed himself during the three days in which I was his guest, and afterwards when Captain Hardie had returned and we went scouting together, proved to be a most intelligent and unpicturesque individual. He was intelligent, because he had, as a rule, followed some other calling before he entered the service, and he was not picturesque, because he looked on "soldiering" merely as a means of livelihood, and had little or no patriotic or sentimental views concerning it. This latter was not true of the older men. They had seen real war either during the rebellion or in the Indian campaigns, which are much more desperate affairs than the Eastern mind appreciates, and they were fond of the service and proud of it. One of the corporals in G Troop, for instance, had been honorably discharged a year before with the rank of first sergeant, and had re-enlisted as a private rather than give up the service, of which he found he was more fond than he had imagined when he had left it. And in K Troop was an even more notable instance in a man who had been retired on three-fourths pay, having served his thirty years, and who had returned to the troop to act as Captain Hunter's "striker," or man of all work, and who bore the monotony of the barracks and the hardships of field service rather than lose the uniform and the feeling of *esprit de corps* which thirty years' service had made a necessity to him. But the raw recruit, or the man in his third or fourth year, as he expressed himself in the different army posts and among the companies I met on the field, looked upon his work from a purely business point of view. He had been before enlistment a clerk, or a compositor, a cowboy, a day-laborer, painter, blacksmith, book-canvasser, almost everything. In Captain Hardie's troop all of these were represented, and the average of intelligence was very high. Whether the most intelligent private is the best soldier is a much-discussed question which is not to be discussed here, but these men were intelligent and were good soldiers, although I am sure they were too independent in their thoughts, though not in their actions, to have suited an officer of the English or German army. That they are more carefully picked men than those found in the rank and file of the British army can be proven from the fact that of those who apply for enlistment in the United States but twenty per cent. are chosen, while in Great Britain they accept eighty and in some years ninety per cent. of the applicants. The small size of our army in comparison, however, makes this showing less favorable than it at first appears.

In camp, while the captain was away, the privates suggested a lot of college boys more than any other body of individuals. A few had the college boy's delight in shirking their work, and would rejoice over having had a dirty carbine pass inspection on account of a shining barrel, as the Sophomore boasts of having gained a high marking for a translation he had read from a crib. They had also the college boy's songs, and his trick of giving nicknames, and his original and sometimes clever slang, and his satisfaction in expressing violent liking or dislike for those in authority over him—in the one case tutors and professors, and in the other sergeants and captains. Their one stupid hitch, in which the officers shared to some extent, was in re-enforcing all they said with profanity; but as soldiers have done this apparently since the time of Shakespeare's Seven Ages, it must be considered an inherited characteristic. Their fun around the camp fire at night was rough, but it was sometimes clever, though it was open to the objection that a clever story never failed of three or four repetitions. The greatest successes were those in which the officers, always of some other troop, were the butts. One impudent "cruitie" made himself famous in a night by improvising an interview between himself and a troop commander who had met him that day as he was steering a mule train across the prairie.

"'How are you?' said he to me. 'You're one of Captain Hardie's men, ain't you? I'm Captain ——'

"'Glad to know you, captain,' said I. 'I've read about you in the papers.'"

This was considered a magnificent stroke by the men, who thought the captain in question rather too fond of sending in reports concerning himself to headquarters.

"'Well,' says he, 'when do you think we're going to catch this —— —— —— —— Garza? As for me,' says he, 'I'm that —— —— —— —— tired of the whole —— —— business that I'm willing to give up my job to any —— —— —— fool that will take it ——'

"'Well, old man,' says I, 'I'd be glad to relieve you,' says I, 'but I'd a —— sight rather serve under Captain Hardie than captain such a lot of regular —— —— coffee-coolers as you've got under you.'"

The audacity of this entirely fictitious conversation was what recommended it to the men. I only reproduce it here as showing their idea of humor. An even greater success was that of a stolid German, who related a true incident of life at Fort Clarke, where the men were singing one night around the fire, and the colonel passed by, and ordered them into the tents, and to stop that —— noise.

"And den," continued the soldier, "he come acrost Cabding ——, sitting in frond of his tent, and he says to him quick like that, 'You ged into your tent, *too*.' That's what he said to him, 'You ged into your tent *too*.'"

It is impossible to imagine the exquisite delight that this simple narrative gave. The idea of a real troop commander having been told to get into his tent just like a common soldier brought the tears to the men's eyes, and the success of his story so turned the German's head that he continued repeating to himself and to any one he met for several days: "That's what he said, 'You ged into your tent TOO.' That's what he said."

Captain Hardie rode his detachment into camp on the third day, with horses so tired that they tried to lie down whenever there was a halt; and a horse must be very tired

* The first paper of this series, "From San Antonio to Corpus Christi," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 5, 1892.

before he will do that. Captain Hardie's riding-breeches were held together by the yellow stripes at their sides, and his hands were raw and swollen with the marks of the cactus needles, and his face burned and seared to a dull red. I had heard of him through the papers and from the officers at headquarters as the "Riding Captain," and as the one who had during the Garza campaign been most frequently in the saddle, and less given to sending in detailed reports of his own actions. He had been absolutely alone for the two months he had been in the field. He was the father of his men, as all troop commanders must be; he had to doctor them when they were ill, to lend them money when the paymaster lost his way in the brush, to write their letters, and to listen to their grievances, and explain that it was not because they were not good soldiers that they could not go out and risk being shot on this or that particular scouting party—he could do all this for them, but he could not talk to them. He had to sit in front of his own camp fire and hear them laughing around theirs, and consider the loneliness of southwestern Texas, which is the loneliness of the ocean at night. He could talk to his Mexican guides, because they, while they were under him, were not of his troop, and I believe it was this need to speak to some living soul that taught Captain Hardie to know Spanish as well as he did, and much more quickly than the best of tutors could have done in a year at the post.

The Eastern mind does not occupy itself much with these guardians of its borders; its idea of the soldier is the comfortable, clubable fellow they meet in Washington and New York, whose red, white, and blue button is all that marks him from the other clubable, likable men about him. But they ought to know more and feel more for these equally likable men of the border posts, whose only knowledge of club life is the annual bill for dues, one of which, with supreme irony, arrived in Captain Hardie's mail at a time when we had only bacon three times a day, and nothing but alkali water to silence the thirst that followed. To a young man it is rather pathetic to see another young man, with a taste and fondness for the pleasant things of this world, pull out his watch and hold it to the camp fire and say, "Just seven o'clock; people in God's country are sitting down to dinner." And then a little later: "And now it's eight o'clock, and they are going to the theatres. What is there at the theatres now?" And when I recalled the plays running in New York when I left it, the officers would select to which one they would go with much grave deliberation, and then crawl in between two blankets and find the most comfortable angle at which a McClellan saddle will make a pillow.

The Garza campaign is only of interest here as it shows the work of the United States troops who were engaged in it. As for Caterino E. Garza himself, he may, by the time this appears in print, have been made President of Mexico, which is most improbable; or have been captured in the brush, which is more improbable; or he may have disappeared from public notice altogether. It is only of interest to the Eastern man to know that a Mexican ranch-owner and sometime desperado and politician living in southwest Texas proclaimed a revolution against the government of Mexico, and that that government requested ours to see that the neutrality laws existing between the two countries were not broken by the raising of troops on our side of the Rio Grande River, and that followers of this Garza should not cross through Texas on their way to Mexico. This our government, as represented by the Department of Texas, which has its headquarters at San Antonio, showed its willingness to do by sending at first two troops of cavalry, and later six more, into darkest Texas, with orders to take prisoner any bands of revolutionists they might find there, and to arrest all individual revolutionists with a warrant sworn to by two witnesses. The country into which these eight troops were sent stretches for 360 miles along the Rio Grande River where it separates Mexico from Texas, and runs back a hundred and more miles east, making of this so-called Garza territory an area of 500 square miles.

TRUMPETER TYLER.

This particular country is the vacant lot of the world. It is to the rest of the West what the ash-covered lots near High Bridge are to New York. It is the country which led General Sheridan to say that if he owned both places, he would rent Texas and live in hell. It is the strip of country over which we actually went to war with Mexico, and which gave General Sherman the opportunity of making the epigram, which no one who has not seen the utter desolateness of the land can justly value, that we should go to war with Mexico again, and force her to take it back.

It is a country where there are no roses, but where everything that grows has a thorn. Where the cattle die of starvation, and where the troops had to hold up the solitary train that passes over it once a day, in true road-agent fashion, to take the water from its boilers that their horses might not drop for lack of it. It is a country where the sun blinds and scorches at noon, and where the dew falls like a cold rain at night, and where one shivers in an overcoat at breakfast, and rides without coat or waistcoat and panting with the heat the same afternoon. Where there are no trees, nor running streams, nor rocks nor hills, but just an ocean of gray chaparral and white chalky cañons or red dusty trails. If you leave this trail for fifty yards, you can wander for twenty miles before you may come to water or a ranch or another trail, and by that time the chaparral and cactus will have robbed you of your clothing, and left in its place a covering of needles, which break when one attempts to draw them out, and remain in the flesh to fester and swell the skin, and leave it raw and tender for a week. This country, it is almost a pleasure to say, is America's only in its possession. No white men, or so few that they are not as common as century-plants, live in it. It is Mexican in its people, its language, and its mode of life. The few who inhabit its wilderness are ranch-owners and their shepherds and cowboys; and a ranch, which means a store and six or seven thatched adobe houses around it, is at the nearest three miles from the next ranch, and on an average twenty miles. As a rule, they move further away the longer you ride towards them.

Into this foreign country of 500 square miles the eight United States cavalry troops of forty men each and two companies of infantry were sent to find Garza and his followers. The only means by which a man or horses or cows can be tracked in this desert is by the foot or hoof prints which they may leave in the sandy soil as they follow the trails already made or make fresh ones. To follow these trails it is necessary to have as a guide a man born in the brush, who has trailed cattle for a livelihood. The Mexican government supplied the troops with some of their own people, who did not know the particular country into which they were sent, but who could follow a trail in any country. One or two of these, sometimes none, went with each troop. What our government should have done was to have supplied each troop commander with five or six of these men, who could have gone out in search of trails, and reported at the camp whenever he had found a fresh one. By this means the troops could have been saved hundreds of miles of unnecessary marching and countermarching on "false alarms," and the government much money, as the campaign in that event would have been brought much more rapidly to a conclusion. But the troop commanders in the field had no such aids. They had to ride forth whenever so ordered to do by the authorities at headquarters, some 200 miles from the scene of the action, who had in turn received their information from the Mexican general on the other side of the Rio Grande. This is what made doing their duty, as represented by obeying orders, such a difficult thing to the troops in the Garza territory. They knew before they saddled their horses that they were going out on a wild-goose chase to wear out their horses and their own patience, and to accomplish nothing beyond furnishing Garza's followers with certain satisfaction in seeing a large body of men riding solemnly through a dense underbrush in a blinding sun to find a trail which a Mexican general had told an American general would be sure to lead them to Garza, and news of which had reached them a week after whoever had made the trail had passed over it. They could imagine, as they trotted in a long dusty line through the cactus, as conspicuous marks on the plain as a prairie wagon, that Garza or his men were watching them from under a clump of cactus on some elevation in the desert, and how he would say:

"Ah! the troops are out again, I see. Who is it to-day—Hardie, Chase, or Hunter? Lend me your field-glass. Ah! it is Hardie. He is a good rider. I hope he will not get a sunstroke."

And then they would picture how the revolutionists would continue the smoking of their cornstalk cigarettes and the drinking of the smuggled muscal.

This is not an exaggerated picture. A man could lie hidden in this brush and watch the country on every side of him, and see each of the few living objects which might pass over it in a day, as easily as he could note the approach of a three-masted schooner at sea. And even though troops came directly towards him, he had but to lie flat in the brush within twenty feet of them, and they would not know it. It would be as easy to catch Jack the Ripper with a Lord Mayor's procession as Garza with a detachment of cavalry, unless they stumbled upon him by luck, or unless he had with him so many men that their trail could be followed at a gallop. As a matter of fact and history, the Garza movement was broken up in the first three weeks of its inception by the cavalry and the Texas Rangers and the deputy sheriffs, who rode after the large bodies of men and scattered them. After that it was merely a chase after little bands of from three to a dozen men, who travelled by night and slept by day in their race towards the river, or, when met there by the Mexican soldiers, in their race back again. The fact that every inhabitant of the ranches and every Mexican the troops met was a secret sympathizer with Garza was another and most important difficulty in the way of his pursuers. And it was trying to know that the barking of the dogs of a ranch was not yet out of ear-shot before a *vaquero* was scuttling off through the chaparral to tell the hiding revolutionists that the troops were on their way, and which way they were coming.

And so, while it is no credit to soldiers to do their duty, it is creditable to them when they do their duty knowing that it is futile, and that some one has blundered. If a fire company in New York city were ordered out on a false alarm every day for three months, knowing that it was not a fire to which they were going, but that some one had wanted a messenger-boy, and rung up an engine by mistake, the alertness and fidelity of those firemen would be most severely tested. That is why I admired, and why the readers in the East should admire, the discipline and the faithfulness with which the cavalry on the border of Texas did their duty the last time Trumpeter Tyler sounded "boots and saddles," and went forth as carefully equipped, and as eager and hopeful that *this* time meant fighting, as they did the first.

Their life in the field was as near to nature, and, as far as comforts were concerned, to the beasts of the field, as men often get. A tramp in the Eastern States lives like a respectable householder in comparison. Suppose, to better understand it, that you were ordered to leave your house or flat or hall bedroom and live in the open air for two months, and that you were limited in your selection of what you wished to carry with you to the weight of eighty pounds. You would find it difficult to adjust this eighty pounds in such a way that it would include any comforts, and certainly no luxuries. The soldiers of Troop G, besides the things before enumerated, were given for a day's rations a piece of bacon as large as your hand, as much coffee as would fill three large cups, and enough flour to make five or six heavy biscuits, which they justly called "'dobes," after the clay bricks of which Mexican adobe houses are made. In camp they received potatoes and beans. All of these things were of excellent quality and were quite satisfying, as the work supplies an appetite to meet them. This is not furnished by the government, and costs it nothing, but it is about the best article in the line of sustenance that the soldier receives. He sleeps on a blanket with his "bunkie," and with his "bunkie's" blanket over him. If he is cold, he can build the fire higher, and doze in front of that. He rides, as a rule, from seven in the morning to five in the afternoon, without a halt for a noonday meal, and he generally gets to sleep by eight or nine. The rest of the time he is in the saddle. Each man carries a frying-pan about as large as a plate, with an iron handle, which folds over and is locked in between the pan and another iron plate that closes upon it. He does his own cooking in this, unless he happens to be the captain's "striker," when he has double duty. He is so equipped and so taught that he is an entirely independent organization in himself, and he and his horse eat and sleep and work as a unit, and are as much and as little to the rest of the troop as one musket and bayonet are to the line of them when a company salutes.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS H. HARDIE, G TROOP, THIRD UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

We had for a guide one of the most picturesque ruffians I ever met. He was a Mexican murderer to the third or fourth degree, as Captain Hardie explained when I first met him, and had been liberated from a jail in Mexico in order that he might serve his country on this side of the river as a guide, and that his wonderful powers as a trailer might not be wasted.

He rejoiced in his liberty from iron bars and a bare mud floor, and showed his gratitude in the most untiring vigilance and in the endurance of what seemed to the Eastern mind the greatest discomforts. He always rode in advance of the column, and with his eyes wandering from the trail to the horizon and towards the backs of distant moving cattle, and again to the trail at his feet. Whenever he saw any one—and he could discover a suspected revolutionist long before any one else—the first intimation the rest of the scouting party would get of it was his pulling out his Winchester and disappearing on a gallop into the chaparral. He scorned the assistance of the troop, and when we came up to him again, after a wild dash through the brush, which left our hats and portions of our clothing to mark our way, we would find him with his prisoner's carbine tucked under his arm, and beaming upon him with a smile of wicked satisfaction.

As a trailer he showed, as do many of these guides, what seemed to be a gift of second-sight cultivated to a supernatural degree. He would say: "Five horses have passed ahead of us about an hour since. Two are led and one has two men on its back, and there is one on each of the other two;" which, when we caught up to them at the first watering-place, would prove to be true. Or he would tell us that troops or Rangers to such a number had crossed the trail at some time three or four days before, that a certain mark was made by a horse wandering without a rider, or that another had been made by a pony so many years old—all of which statements would be verified later. But it was as a would-be belligerent that he shone most picturesquely. When he saw a thin column of smoke rising from a cañon where revolutionists were supposed to be in camp, or came upon several armed men riding towards us and too close to escape, his face would light up with a smile of the most wicked content and delight, and he would beam like a cannibal before a feast as he pumped out the

THE MEXICAN GUIDE.

THIRD CAVALRY TROOPERS—SEARCHING A SUSPECTED REVOLUTIONIST.

empty cartridges and murmured, "Buena! buena! buena!" with rolling eyes and an anticipatory smack of the lips.

But he was generally disappointed; the smoke would come from a shepherd's fire, and the revolutionists would point to the antelope-skins under their saddles, which had been several months in drying, and swear they were hunters, and call upon the saints to prove that they had never heard of such a man as Garza, and that carbines, revolvers, and knives were what every antelope-hunter needed for self-protection. At which the Mexican would show his teeth and roll his eyes with such a cruel show of disbelief that they would beg the "good captain" to protect them and let them go, which, owing to the fact that one cannot get a warrant and a notary-public in the brush, as the regulations require, he would, after searching them, be compelled to do.

And then the Mexican, who had expected to see them hung to a tree until they talked or died, as they do it in his own free republic, would sigh bitterly, and trot off patiently and hopefully after more. Hope was especially invented for soldiers and fishermen. One thought of this when one saw the spirit of the men as they stole out at night, holding up their horses' heads to make them step lightly, and dodging the lights of the occasional ranches, and startling some shepherd sleeping by the trail into the belief that a file of ghosts had passed by him in the mist. They were always sure that this time it meant something, and if the captain made a dash from the trail, and pounded with his fist on the door of a ranch where lights shone when lights should have been put out, the file of ghosts that had stretched back two hundred yards into the night in an instant became a close encircling line of eager, open-eyed boys, with carbines free from the sling-belts, covering the windows and the grudgingly opened door. They never grew weary; they rode on many days from nine at night to five the next afternoon, with but three hours' sleep, and they averaged from thirty to fifty miles a day; but their hot, tired eyes kept wandering over the burning prairie as though looking for gold, and if on the ocean of cactus they saw a white object move, or a sombrero drop from sight, or a horse with a saddle on its back, they would pass the word forward on the instant, and wait breathlessly until the captain saw it too.

I asked some of them what they thought of when they were riding up on these wandering bands of revolutionists, and they told me that from the moment the captain had shouted "Howmp!" which is the only order he gives for any and every movement, they had made themselves corporals, had been awarded the medal of honor, and had spent the $30,000 reward for Garza's capture. And so, if any one is to take Garza, and the hunting of the Snark is to be long continued in Texas, I hope it will be G Troop, Third Cavalry, that brings the troublesome little wretch into camp; not because they have worked so much harder than the others, but because they had no tents, as did the others, and no tinned goods, and no pay for two months, and because they had such an abundance of enthusiasm and hope, and the good cheer that does not come from the commissariat department or the canteen.

WATER.

THE FLAG OF PLOVER PIERRE.

BY FRANCIS S. PALMER.

ON the northeastern shore of Lake Champlain is a long sandy beach. Inland from this stretches the dreary expanse of a tamarack swamp. One afternoon early in October the only living things in plain sight along this beach were several small sandpipers that daintily tiptoed over the sand, and a tall blue heron wading in the shallow water. But when one looked closely (as did Plover Pierre) one noticed a bunch of bushes stuck into the sand so as to form what hunters term a "blind." The blue heron, keeping a wary eye on the misplaced bushes, may have thought it thus called because only sightless creatures would think a place so suspicious-looking devoid of harm.

As Plover Pierre scanned the beach he discovered a man lying behind the bushes of the blind. This man was a stalwart bronzed fellow, perhaps thirty years old; he had on the blue uniform of the United States army, and wore long leather boots, and as he lay stretched on his side a shot-gun rested in the hollow of his arm. Just now the lieutenant was yawning. The scene was a stupidly peaceful one; all things were quiet and sleepy—too much so to please the young officer. He longed for a flock of plover to flutter by, and relieve the monotony.

"If something doesn't turn up pretty soon," he thought, "I'll stalk my friend the blue heron; though I believe the old fellow keeps an eye on me, for all his marching along in such an unconscious and dignified manner. He's the only bird bigger than my thumb that I've seen for an hour. Why, so far as sport goes, I might better be at the barracks drilling recruits. But, hello! there's a queer bird."

He had seen Plover Pierre. Pierre emerged from the shadow of the evergreens and stood upon the sand. The boy did not see many strangers, so he moved along the beach to investigate this one. As he passed by, the little sandpipers tip-uped as if making low courtesies to a friend, and the blue heron looked at him with less haughtiness than it usually assumed; perhaps the bird believed that Pierre came to destroy the absurd structure called a blind.

But for once the heron was mistaken. Pierre did not disturb the blind, but crawled behind it to chat with the soldier. At first the boy was half afraid of this long fellow in blue clothes and brass buttons, though his face was kind and friendly. Pierre had once been in a law court at Quebec, where the high official was addressed as monseigneur. The boy decided to use this title in the present instance.

"Monseigneur, are you a Yankee?"

The soldier nodded, and Pierre resumed:

"So am I. We have moved, and now we live one mile south of the line between Canada and Vermont. You see, I am a Yankee by a whole mile."

"So you are," replied the other; "and in your case no one can say a mile's not better than a miss. You wouldn't like to miss being a Yankee, would you?"

"No, indeed, monseigneur. I am proud to be a Yankee. The French and the Yankees were always friends, and it is good to belong to the United States. Since we are both Yankees, we should be friends. Is it not so?"

"Of course it is." The soldier laughed, got up, and made more room for Pierre. "Come, what'll you have? Here's some ale, and here's a cigar."

Plover Pierre shook his head. "Jules says liquor is only good to put out a cigar. I want neither."

"Why, this Jules must be a perfect stoic."

"Oh no; Jules is my friend, and he lives quite near us. He, too, has moved to Vermont."

"And I imagine you're great playfellows," suggested the lieutenant.

"Well, not quite that, monseigneur. He teaches me, and knows many stories. You see, he is old. He was my father's clerk, and he has white hair standing up all over his head. My father," said Pierre, proudly, "was a notary, and knew all things. Jules says my father was quite old when he married the mother. Then he died, and she married Jean Bourdo. He is strong, and can work on the farm, but he likes better to be idle." The boy was rattling on, when he remembered that Jules said people should not talk too much of their own affairs. A dusky red crept into his swarthy face. "But it tires you to hear all this. Do you come from the barracks across the lake, where they teach new soldiers?"

His new acquaintance smiled assent.

"Jules says it is a shame for United States people to fight each other; but I like wars. I should go if it were not for that."

As Pierre said "that," he looked at something which should have matched the sturdy leg curled up beneath him, but was only a piece of wood fastened to a very short stump of leg. Besides the wooden leg, Pierre carried two yellow crutches. Perhaps it was these slender substitutes for legs which gave him the name of Plover Pierre. The soldier's eyes searched the bosom of the lake as though much interested in watching a distant flock of plover.

Pierre's face brightened as he continued: "Although I can't walk well, I ride better than most boys. I might be a horse soldier, and so fight just as hard for my country as can other people. Will you drill me to be a soldier?"

The man in blue shifted his eyes from the imaginary flock of plover, and looked at Pierre. "Why, you're too young. You can't be more than ten years old."

"Not so; I am twelve, and know well how to shoot."

The officer seemed to be pondering Pierre's soldierly advantages. He muttered to himself, "I wish those fellows I'm drilling had this boy's spirit."

But now the quiet bay was stirred into new life. A steam-launch rounded one of the points, and puffed towards the young officer's blind. The blue heron gave a cry of surprise, and then, recovering its dignity, swept away with graceful curves of its majestic wings. The soldier got up, and shook the sand from his clothes.

"Here's the government boat come to take me back to Plattsburg Barracks."

A small skiff put out from the launch to bring him on board. He threw a few shore birds into the skiff, stepped in himself, and was rowed away.

The government boat flew two flags—a large one at the bow and a smaller at the stern. When the lieutenant got on board, he pulled down the one from the stern, and getting into the skiff again, was rowed back to the shore. Pierre was still standing on the sand.

The officer gravely handed the colors to the boy. "Uncle Sam presents these to a valued citizen. Never forget that you are a Yankee."

Pierre, being such a new citizen, did not quite understand the reference to Uncle Sam. But his heart gave a throb of pride, and he reverently took the colored silk into his grimy hands.

As he hopped back through the swamp road leading to the fields beyond, he thought: "Now I am really a Yankee. The tall man would not give me the flag if he had any doubt about it."

When he reached the log house it was growing dusk. The fat twins, his half-sisters, were rolling over the floor, and Madame Bourdo busied herself in getting supper. The stout Canadian woman still showed some traces of her comely girlhood. Jean Bourdo's heavy figure lounged by the stove, a grievous obstacle both to his wife and the tumbling twins.

"Jean Bourdo," said Pierre, "would you not like to be a soldier?"

"A good question! And if I went to the war, who would earn bread for you to eat?"

"Jules says that if my father's money had been well managed, it would support all."

Jean turned angrily. "Jules is crazy! And as for your

father, Pierre Beaudrie, he did so much burrowing into old books that he had no time to plough the land or collect fees from the clients."

The woman stopped him. "The notary made a good husband, though he was old enough to be my father. In his time I lived like a lady."

Pierre had hidden the flag under his jacket, and now he climbed the ladder to the loft and put the silk beneath his pillow. He returned to the lower room; the family had supper, and Jean, lighting his pipe, said:

"Pierre, go you to bed. I have company to-night, and to-morrow you must be up early to help the threshers."

Plover Pierre kept nearly as early hours as the plovers themselves. To-night, moreover, he was willing to be alone, for he had plenty to think about. He pulled himself up the ladder as nimbly as could most boys who had two legs. After admiring the bright flag, he carefully laid it away among his few belongings, and soon was in bed.

Visions of war and soldiers filled his excited brain. The friendly officer ceased to be an awe-inspiring monseigneur; now he was merely a good comrade, and they were fighting for the same beloved country. Pierre himself, bestride a gallant white charger, and holding aloft the emblematic flag, led ranks of horsemen to victory.

The restless boy, tossed by such fancies, must have lain awake for a long time, when he was recalled to himself by hearing a door open and some one enter the room below. Again and again visitors arrived, until there must have been ten men assembled in the lonely cabin.

So many visitors were unusual, and Pierre, at first without meaning to turn eavesdropper, heard enough of their talk to rouse his suspicions. Getting quietly out of bed, he put his eye to a crack in the floor and listened.

The men had arranged their business, and were about to leave. When they had all risen, one of them spoke to Jean Bourdo:

"Remember, Bourdo, how it is settled. We are to meet here to-morrow afternoon at five—twenty men, armed and on good horses. You, in what disguise you please, are to ride with us, guide us to St. Albans by the shortest road, and point out the village banks. We will do the rest. For doing this, you are to receive one hundred dollars. If there seems danger of your being implicated, you can cross the line into Canada, and we will make good all your losses."

Bourdo was satisfied, and the men went out.

Plover Pierre, listening overhead, trembled with excitement. He felt sure this was a plot against his new Yankee land—a plot which might compel him to return to Canada. He comprehended that there was trouble ahead for St. Albans, and that the people must be warned. Indeed, he had heard the conspiring of those desperate and irresponsible men, who in 1864, under no authority from Richmond or any government, planned to sweep down from Canada, surprise the village of St. Albans, Vermont, and rob its banks.

The boy crept noiselessly back to bed, but it was long before he slept. When he did, the flag, the officer, the conspirators, and the fated banks pushed their benign and baleful influences into his dreams.

All the next morning Pierre was busy helping the threshers. Jean would have kept him at work during the afternoon as well, but at four o'clock the boy contrived to escape from the barn. Slipping away to the house, he got his flag from the loft where he had left it.

He tried to think of some way of warning St. Albans before the men who were to leave at five could reach there. Lame as he was, it was impossible to walk the fifteen miles in time. Bourdo, he knew, would take the young brown mare, their only horse. Even now he was grooming her in the stable. Pierre was almost in despair, when he remembered that old Jules, their neighbor, had a horse. To be sure, it was old and somewhat stiff, but it was better than nothing. He would at once go to Jules and ask for the horse. But moments were precious, and there was no time for explanations. He knew where the animal was pastured, and must take it without asking. Soon he had caught the old gray, slipped a bridle over its head, and scorning a saddle, was bestride his steed.

Plover Pierre did not know the country well, but he was sure of the general direction in which St. Albans lay. As he galloped along, Pierre grew excited, and was filled with joyous enthusiasm. The small figure on the gaunt gray horse was perhaps a travesty on his vision of the cavalry officer dashing at the head of his troops, but the boy was satisfied. His mission was a responsible one, and he was working for the cause in which he burned to distinguish himself.

He had pushed the flag under his jacket. Now he took it out, and tied it about him like an officer's sash. The people at the few farm-houses along the road stared at this apparition. After he had travelled what seemed to him a long distance, he got into a country where there were no farm-houses. The land was hilly, rough, and used for pasturage alone.

Pierre had no watch, but he thought it must be nearly six o'clock. This could not be the main road to St. Albans. He climbed high hills and looked about, but he could see no village spires. While watching from one of these hills, he saw, far to the westward, a body of horsemen cantering along a smooth road.

Pierre's heart sank within him. These were the raiders, and he was too late. His opportunity had come, and he had failed! Discouraged and limp in body, he rode sadly down to the highway where he had seen the horsemen, and followed it back toward his home.

As the raiders dashed through the outskirts of St. Albans, the people stared in astonishment at the cavalcade of wild-looking men carrying carbines, and with pistols stuck in their belts. Jean Bourdo, dressed as an Indian chief, all his dull wits sharpened by excitement, led them on.

They rode into the midst of the town. The villagers, unconscious of danger, did not molest them. Bourdo pointed out the different banks; these had closed for the day to the public, but the bookkeepers were still at their desks. The raiders overpowered them, broke open the safes, and took what money they could hastily gather.

In half an hour they were galloping away, firing their pistols as they went. One citizen who appeared at his door-step was shot and killed. But most of the bullets were fired high into the air. They soon passed the last house, and rapidly moved northward over the same road which Pierre had taken on his return home.

Jules's old horse was growing more and more lame. It was unshod, and this long journey had made its feet tender. Pierre did not like to urge it too much, and so had to be satisfied with a slow trot. The night would now have been quite dark had not a crescent moon shed an uncertain light on the brown fields, and lingered about the bright silk which hung from the shoulder of a small boy perched on a tall gray horse.

Dark patches of woodland bordered the road, and when Pierre was passing one of these, which he thought not far from home, he heard a clattering of hoofs behind him. He did not expect the raiders to return so soon, but he thought it must be they. The boy feared to let Bourdo see him.

A wood road led into the bushes, and Pierre, riding into this dark recess, halted some twenty yards from the road to let the horsemen pass. His horse was hidden by shadows; but the little moon slid down between the evergreens, and lit up the gay colors of the flag.

The raiders were riding recklessly, singing and shouting. They were hilarious with success. Two young fellows brought up the rear of the galloping column. A startled owl flapped over their heads, and one aimed his carbine at the slowly moving bird.

"Jim, if we'd no orders not to fire, I'd bring down that fellow."

"If I wanted to shoot," returned Jim, "I'd take orders from no man. Hello! look into this path. Don't that look like the thing they call a flag up here?" He stopped his horse, raised a rifle, and fired.

The two resumed their gallop, and caught up with the main body. The captain looked back angrily, but did not stop to remonstrate. Already the sharp ear of Jean Bourdo had caught the sound of pursuing horses. They were only two miles from the Canada line when a troop of horsemen appeared on the brow of a hill a short distance behind them.

The robbers put spur to their horses; the better animals responded, but some could not, and their riders were overtaken, made prisoners, and part of the money recovered. The better-mounted men escaped into Canada; they too were finally captured, and most of the booty returned to the banks.

Jean Bourdo left the raiders before they were overtaken, and no one suspected his connection with the "St. Albans raid."

The next morning Jules was surprised to find his gray horse, more lame than usual, waiting at the stable door. The old clerk went to the Bourdo house to ask Pierre if he knew anything about it. The boy was missing. Jules thought his absence and the travel-worn condition of the horse were in some way connected. He returned to his stable, and with patient care followed back the track of the shoeless hoofs.

Slowly he traced the horse's path till he was led to the swamp beside the road. Here he found flag and boy, equally cold, and both pierced by a rifle-bullet.

In the evening a friend strolled into the lieutenant's quarters at the recruiting station. "Here's news," he announced. "Roughs from Canada have robbed the St. Albans banks. One villager killed, and this morning a boy cripple, wrapped in a flag and shot through the heart, was found near the road by which the raiders returned to Canada."

"A crippled boy with a flag!" cried the officer. He threw away his cigar; and the next day he was moody, and took little interest in the drilling.

The evergreen bushes stuck into the sand of the bay near the tamarack swamp dried and wilted, the plover uttered mournful cries as they circled over the deserted beach, and the blue heron, wading along with drooping wings, found the old-time relish for frogs was gone.

Plover Pierre had left them.

WELSH-RAREBIT.

There were times when only the frequenters of smoke-begrimed taverns knew it, but the day of its apotheosis has come—or shall one say the night? since only after the darkness has fallen is this harbinger of dreams seen in its full splendor among the haunts of men. Its beginnings no man has known. Like the origin of many things grown great with time, its own is hidden in fable. Dark ages came upon it, and during certain periods of obscurity its very name was lost, or became so twisted and garbled that when uttered it called up an image of altogether different shape. Men spoke of it as a "rabbit," and the unenlightened, of whom there were many, regarded it as a sort of quadruped of Wales. Indeed, so firmly did this idea become fixed in many minds that etymologists were finally compelled to bring forward evidence to prove that the only animal even remotely connected with this delicate creation was that one to whom men were indebted for the milk which went to the making of the cheese.

Obscure, however, as was its existence, its life was not inglorious. Ask the men of old, the men whom novelists have made famous. Ask those who called for it with their "'alf-and-'alf." Those who in coaches rattled up to tavern doors, or those who came nightly for their cakes and ale, each man finding his own mug hanging on a tap-room nail. Ask those who with long pipes sat with it about tables, gathering afterward around the fire, men of wit and men of song. Ask those who discussed over it questions of art, who drew sketches as they talked, who settled distinctions in words, men who have enriched for us all both thought and speech.

No, not inglorious, certainly, has been its life for all the hidden out-of-the-way caverns where it was found; for all the simplicities, the sanded floors, the uncovered tables, the bustle and confusion of shabby rooms, where its appearances for the most part were always made. Not inglorious, indeed, and destined, like much else of humble growth, to days of splendor, nay, of sentiment. For the world, has it ever been willing to leave in seclusion that which has attractions for men?

The Welsh-rarebit was brought across the ocean. In certain famous chop-houses of New York, set about with English customs, it won a fame for itself equalled only by that of its earlier life at home. With an egg poached on top, it was sometimes known as "a golden buck." Rumors of its marvels and its charm crept everywhere, but to the world of women it was still as something shut away from them among the delights and mysteries of that strange *terra incognita* known to them sometimes as "my club," and sometimes as "down-town." The college boy, unbaffled by mystery, took possession of it. On many a night, with uneasy tutors abroad in the halls, has he known over it the delights of his elders, and of the classic days of England. Society, however, for all its eagerness for new delights, stood aloof, not liking to stoop so low. Welsh-rarebits! where there were suppers at Delmonico's! But society had once taken the banjo out of humbler hands. Why not now take this?

There is a process of reasoning subtle and elusive in quality, and confusing in its methods, by which the world persuades itself to take into domestic life, into the very heart of its most sumptuous surroundings, that which has been condemned as an allurement without. With what apologies, and sometimes with what transparent subterfuges, has this process been gone through. Billiard tables and cards! All of us remember. And now the Welsh-rarebit!

But blessed be the man who invented the chafing-dish. Into the full splendor of drawing-room life he has brought the one-time associate of tavern and chop-house; and into the hands of the beautiful woman he has put possibilities seldom vouchsafed her. What a symphony in fact is this through which the theme of the rarebit runs—a symphony full of sympathetic charm, of grace and light and movement, and of the color of which all young dreams are made. And in those fascinating half-hours when a play is over, and men and women love to gather in desultory talk about the board, who would exchange a rarebit, prepared by fair hands, for the most elaborate of banquets served by splendid flunkies?

So thinks at least the young gallant looking up into the face of the woman whose delicate fingers prepare him delight. And she! Not for worlds would she resign her place to any hireling. Through all the centuries her sisters have been learning this art, how to please. It is one measure of her success. Even out of the making of so commonplace a dish, she alone can extract grace and sentiment.

A hearty welcome, then, to the flaming lamp, and the swim of melted butter, to grated cheese and foaming ale, and may our fair ladies, Aladdin-like, become slaves to their lamp—to the better emptying of many another club-chair.

A TALK WITH THE CITY CLOCK-KEEPER OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

The gratification of a foolish fondness for looking into shop windows consumes an undue amount of my time. Even in dingy, dirty Greenwich Street, with the elevated railroad lumbering noisily above, I could not resist my inclination to stop and look into the window of a watch-maker's shop, with its trays of watches, chains, and rings, and other jewelry. My attention was attracted by a little frame enclosing a letter which looked old and faded. I could see no more than that it was some official document, and not an ordinary testimonial to the watch-maker's skill or tradesman's trustworthiness. Looking beyond the window, I saw in the shop itself a genial-looking old man, whose look seemed to invite me to enter. My curiosity being excited, I needed no further encouragement than the jeweller's appearance, so in I went. He greeted me with a bluff heartiness which very rarely comes from behind a counter, even when a well-known customer stands on the other side.

"May I see that framed document?" I asked, pointing to the window.

"Certainly," replied the watch-maker; and in a moment the little frame was in my hands.

This was the letter in the frame:

Street Commissioner's Office,
Times Building, No. 39 Park Row,
New York, *January* 11, 1861.

John H. Welsh, Esq.:

Sir,—You are hereby appointed to attend to and regulate the public clocks of the city of New York under the control of this department. You will call upon Mr. John Y. Savage, Jun., your predecessor, and obtain from him any keys or other property in his possession appertaining to said office.

Respectfully,
G. W. Smith,
Street Commissioner.

The signature of the writer of the letter was not plain, so I asked who it was.

"Why, that," said Mr. Welsh, for the genial watch-maker was the man to whom the letter was addressed, "is the signature of one of the finest men who ever lived—General Gustavus W. Smith. He was a fine man certainly, but he did an awfully foolish thing when, a few months after he had written that letter, he threw up his well-paid office here and went South to fight for the Confederacy. He went, and his deputy, General Mansfield Lovell, went with him. Mighty foolish thing to do, I thought."

"Do you preserve this letter and exhibit it in the window because General Smith wrote it?" I asked.

"Oh no, not that. You see, a lot of these snide fellows say that they have been official clock-keepers for the city. They never were. I was the last watch-maker ever to hold the place. Since I gave it up, the place has always been held by a politician, who has hired some one else to do the work."

"Why did you give it up?" I asked.

"Oh, I gave it up pretty soon. I held it about eighteen months, and then resigned. You see, they only paid me $500 a year to do the work, and it cost me at least $600 to have it done. You would go, for instance, to the Mayor's office, and he would be busy, and you would have to wait an hour or so until you could get in. This time was of course wasted. Why, they offered me $1500 to keep the place, but I would not have it. About that time the fellows who blossomed into the Tweed ring were getting control, and though I have been in pretty rough company in the mines in California in '49, I could not stand those fellows. Why, I made a clock for the Board of Alderman, and charged $50 for it. A man named Lynch, Harry Genet's (Prince Harry) father-in-law, told me, with a wink, that I must make out a bill for $500. I could not understand him at first, but at length I did, and knew very well what he was driving at. I was sure those fellows would come to grief, but they lasted longer than I expected."

"If you were in the California mines in '49, how did you happen to get back here in '61?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I went out to the Mexican war in the First New York Volunteers in 1846, with Colonel Stephenson, and I staid in California until 1851, when I came back on account of my mother's illness. Ah, that was a great trip to the Pacific in '46!" the old man continued. "We went around the Horn. We stopped at Rio Janeiro for two weeks, and while there I saw Dom Pedro's eldest daughter, Donna Isabella, I believe, christened in the great cathedral. That was the finest ceremony I ever saw. Three or four hundred priests, and all took part in the procession. I met General Kearny and General Fremont and Kit Carson out in California when I was in the army. Why, I have a letter back there in the safe that I wrote to my mother, and sent overland by Kit Carson. I will let you see it;" and the old man opened his safe and brought out a stained and faded letter, in which he did not express much admiration for either Kearny or Fremont. His chief objection to Fremont was that it took the Pathfinder 104 days to go from Monterey to Los Angeles, a distance of 300 miles. "I don't care to say much about Fremont now that he is dead but I never thought he amounted to much."

I staid and talked for half an hour with this old watch-maker who had slept and hunted with Kit Carson more than forty years ago, and in the mines of California cultivated a rugged honesty which made the methods of Tweed's associates distasteful to him, even at a time when most other citizens in New York thought that the rulers of the city were correct and proper men.

A WELSH-RAREBIT AFTER THE THEATRE.—

E.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 298.]

PARSON MALLORY.

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.

JUST as the oldest inhabitants of New York tell how it was their wont in the days of their childhood to gather mushrooms on Fourteenth Street, so did Peter Bundy love to tell how he had seen New Boston grow from Burke's half-way house to a thriving town of forty houses.

Two years since, to the chagrin of the people of New Boston, one of the great trans-continental railroads had seen fit to overlook the imaginary greatness of this town, and lay the tracks of the new feeder to Mertons some two miles distant. There had been a meeting, and a protest lodged against such discrimination in favor of the rival town of Braceville, but the protest was ignored, and the railroad people said they chose to favor Braceville as a starting-point, as it was on their main line, and had the additional advantage of a water-front.

The choice had been a source of keen though silent disappointment to Peter Bundy, who had had vague ideas of dividing his quarter section into building lots, or holding the same intact until the town of New Boston should completely surround it, and then selling his hundred and sixty acres to the city for a park, maintaining for himself therein a handsome plot. Bundy's place was in a manner the suburbs of New Boston; that is, it was the only house not huddled together on the hill up which the little town had slowly climbed. Ten years ago, in quest of a home, Bundy and his little sister had put up at Burke's half-way house for the night, and when the girl had gone to bed, the two men had discussed the advantages of the farming lands both of the immediate vicinity and the neighboring counties. As a result of that talk, Bundy had decided to continue his weary journey no longer, but settle on the spot, and take out papers for the adjoining quarter section.

On the particular summer's day on which the real story begins, Bundy had watered the cattle on the place, and returned to the house to wash up for breakfast, but the sister had the fire little more than under way, so he went back to the gate to watch the sun draw up the oily vapor from the parched prairie. Trudging along the road, he saw his friend Burke, but the day was exceedingly warm, and there was no necessity for a premature greeting, so he stood motionless until Burke had climbed up the fence, and was comfortably perched on the gate post.

"Mornin' to you," said Bundy. "How's things in town?"

"Lively, lively; claim-jumper sot in again," said his friend. "There's a man there named Speed, from Dakota, and he's a hustler. I heard he was goin' to jump the graveyard last night, and Mason, what digs the graves, was away, so I took my shot-gun out, and spent the night sittin' on old Hennesy's slab waitin' for the jumper. They only relieved me an hour ago. I think we'll run him out o' town tonight. A cold slab is all right for grave decoration, but it's no place for a man what's used to a husk mattress. Is it?"

"It seems to me," said Bundy, "that that sort of thing would come in the parson's line. We don't guarantee him twenty dollars a month for driving round the country for nothin'."

At the suggestion of the pastor, Burke's lip curled perceptibly, and he showed in a general uneasiness of manner that he held that person in very little esteem.

"Far be it from me," he said, "to say anything against a friend of yourn, but I don't believe the parson's white nag could carry him away fast enough from a man like Speed."

"He's no friend of mine, Burke," Bundy interrupted, with sudden enthusiasm, "and you know it. He likes the girl, and I treat him white, just as I do any one who gives her any pleasure, and helps her to enjoy this —— prairie life. It's good enough for you and me, but young girls are different." With this apology, Bundy relapsed into a prolonged silence.

In the large district covered by the parson, Mr. Bundy's was about the only place where he received even decent treatment. In the other houses the women gave him his meals because he was the man of God, and God was something to be feared, and for the same reason the men begrudged him these same meals, and said if he did talk of unearthly things, he ate like a bull-puncher after the yearly round-up. John Mallory was his name, and for three years he had worked among these men and women, who had fairly prospered without the Word of God, and could not be induced to believe that they or their children were better since he had tried to teach it to them.

It may have been that he was the wrong man for the place, and that an older and more practical one would have done more good. He had nothing but a great zeal, and an apparent utter disregard for their slights and their indifference to his teachings. Brought up in a small New England town, in which he had received the degree for his knowledge of the forms of his faith, he had come to this big open rough life in many ways unfitted to conquer, or even to turn these people a little aside from what he considered an ungodly and hence an unnatural course.

Many times had he become utterly discouraged, and as he drove alone over the mountain roads, or followed the trails on the prairie, he determined to go back where he would be understood, and his work would show some result. But this, like most of the great steps in young men's lives, was determined by a woman. In Nancy Bundy he thought he had found all the virtues that one woman can well combine. As the travelling parson, he had looked up to her as something altogether above him, and he knew that in a way she regarded her kindness to him as a charity just as much as the money that she put in the basket when he held meeting in the church every third Sunday. He sometimes almost wished that he might have been something else than what he was; but here the narrow life that he had led in his little village asserted itself, and he doggedly ploughed on against his own wishes and the stolid unbelief of the natives.

Bundy and his friend Burke remained at the gate in that state of absolute vacuity which is only acquired after years of practice in watching dumb animals feed all day on the prairie or a sidehill. At last Nancy came to the door, and waved a dishcloth to them as a token that breakfast was ready.

The three sat down to a meal which, if limited in its variety, was exceedingly extensive in its proportions. There were bacon and scrambled eggs and coffee, with high stacks of flannel-cakes and golden-drip honey to top off with. When the edge had been taken off their appetites, Burke launched forth on the gossip of the day—how Archie McEwen had at last been compelled to lay aside the lined overalls he had worn for eight years because he had won a big stake the first night he wore them, and had regarded them as a mascot ever since; and how Abe Martin wanted to take Mrs. Martin's new baby, which was something of a monstrosity, to the States to have exhibited as a freak, but how Mrs. Martin had objected because it was the only one she had, and really liked it all the better if it was not as pretty as other children. In return for all this, Nancy told how the last colt was coming on, and how it was developing all the bucking propensities of its mother. In a manner, the Bundys looked down on the people of New Boston as interlopers, and regarded themselves as a sort of aristocracy, and belonging to a different régime. Bundy himself never allowed his sister to go to the cowboy dances, because the men were very rough and the women poor companions for a young girl. He was not, however, insensible to their opinion, and he was always curious to know just what the people on the hill were saying or thinking of the folks at the ranch.

"Of course they will talk," said Burke, "probably because they know so little of you. Not so much of you, Bundy, as Nancy there."

Bundy stopped suddenly, with his knife half way through a small mountain of cakes, and looked up querulously at Burke, and then at the girl.

"I don't understand, Burke," he said. "What can they have to say of Nancy?"

Burke shifted uneasily in his chair, and apparently deeply regretted his last remark. He swallowed half a cup of coffee, and drew his features into a hard unnatural grin. "Well, I don't mean no harm, but girls will be girls, and have their young men, whether they live in the town or out here on the prairie. They don't mean no harm, no more than I do."

"No harm, except Nancy's a child, and no time to think of young men. She has the place and me to look after. They talk too much of their betters over there;" and Bundy nodded his head violently in the direction of New Boston, glaring all the time at his too talkative guest.

The red blood was climbing up the back of Nancy's neck very rapidly, and was fast extending to her cheeks. "Who do they say?" she said, looking Burke very full in the face.

Burke crossed his legs several times uneasily under the table, which was a very slow and cumbersome proceeding, for his legs were short and his boots heavy.

"The parson," he said, and poured out the golden-drip with the energy with which he would turn on the water from a fire-plug.

"Don't waste the molasses," said Nancy.

Several times did the girl and Burke try to talk easily of the weather and the crop outlook, but Bundy's silence had a very depressing effect upon them, and each failure was slightly more conspicuous than the last.

Bundy gave the signal for leaving the table by giving his chair a kick that sent it flying into the corner of the room. Then he went over to the cupboard, and took down a large box of bad strong cigars, which was a luxury he allowed himself only on Sunday mornings and all national holidays. When Bundy had helped himself, Burke picked one from the box with great care and deliberation. As he thought it probably the last he would get from this source, he wished to be sure it had no faults. Nancy proceeded to water the flowers, and the two men sat in silence at the open door until Burke said he must be getting back to his saloon before his son Joe knocked down too much of the morning's profits.

When his guest had slammed the gate and turned to glare once more at him, Bundy got up from the steps and walked over to the fireplace, and watched his sister carefully pouring water into the cans from which the flowers sprouted. She seemed to have grown taller very suddenly, and the lines of her figure seemed to have become fuller and more like those of a woman. Her face, too, as she turned its profile to him, had apparently settled into stronger lines. The rounded cheeks and the dimple were still there, but added to this there was a character and strength which he thought must have come very recently to her, for he had never been conscious of it before. His eyes wandered from Nancy to the open window. He could see the roses and the sunflowers being swayed lazily to and fro on their high stems by the light breeze that came down from the hills and blew slowly over the prairie. He remembered when she had planted them, a few years since, when she was only a little girl and he and Burke were the only men she knew. He remembered the days she had sat on the stump that was used as a gate post now, and watched him build the house, ten years ago. She was very small and short then, and he almost could see her sitting there now, with her long hair streaming out under a big straw hat, and her red-stockinged legs kicking big hunks of bark off the high stump. And then he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and he looked about suddenly, to find the girl with her face looking up into his. He caught her in both his arms, and held her very close to him, as if he feared some one were coming to take her away from him by force. He kissed her several times on the forehead, as a man might the woman whose love he had but just won. "Burke's a fool," he said, "a meddlesome fool."

"But I always told you that," she said.

"I know; and I didn't see it," he interrupted. "But I'm glad he spoke as he did. We can be on our guard after this. It don't do to have those town people talking about you. The parson must not come here again."

"Why, Peter," she said, "this is the only house where he is welcome, and, besides, he's coming to-day for dinner."

Bundy could never remember that the girl had ever refused a wish of his before, and he objected to her having an opinion of her own just as much as he did her growing into a woman instead of always remaining a little girl. For a moment the color came to his face, and he was about to break out against her, but he checked himself and turned back to the empty fireplace. When he considered that he had himself under sufficient control, he began again:

"It isn't because it's the parson," he said; "it would be just the same with any other man that people talked about. You're too young; and then you have no mother; you must be more careful than other girls. Besides, I'm going to town for dinner, and you can't have him here alone."

"He has been here often with me alone before, Peter," she said, "and I see no reason, because a lot of people talk nonsense, why I should give up a friend, and take away the little pleasure the parson gets out of his visits. He has a hard enough time as it is, Heaven knows!"

The color had been gradually coming back into Bundy's face, and he had began to rock himself to and fro on the toe and heel of his heavy boots. "Nancy," he said, "this is the first time you have ever disobeyed me. I'm going to town now, and by the time the parson comes, I hope you will see your mistake, and send him somewhere else for his dinner." And with that he picked up his hat and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Nancy went back to the flowers with the full belief that she did what was best, and rather glad of the opportunity of asserting her rights. The idea that she was old enough to have opinions of her own had long been gaining strength in her mind. She was very fond of her brother, but she chafed under his treatment of her; he never seemed to remember that she was a woman now, and wanted other friends besides himself and his friend Burke. She did not care for Mallory, but she was sorry for him, and she had enough belief left from what her mother had told her when she was a child to know that the parson was doing what was right, and that his life must be a very lonely one and a very hard one, and that it was her duty to make it as pleasant for him when he was at New Boston as it was in her power to do. So while the brother was trudging along the road to town, Nancy was priding herself on her first attempt at asserting her rights and her first victory.

It was noon when the parson, seated in his old buggy, drove up to the Bundys' door, and bowed low to Nancy, who came to greet him at the door.

When he had put away his horse and entered the house, Nancy only said that her brother had gone to town for dinner, without giving any excuse for his absence. The parson said he regretted Bundy's being called away, but in his heart he was very glad of it, for he knew that the brother's hospitality was only extended to him from pity, and, like most sensitive men, there was nothing he so abhorred.

There was still an hour before dinner, and while Nancy laid the table, he sat in a low easy-chair, and told her all he had done in the last three weeks, and how long they had seemed, and how he calculated all his days from every third Sunday, just as most men do from the first of every week or month.

It was a very pleasant little dinner they had there together, and he almost forgot that it was the last day of happiness he would know for three more long weeks, and that the next day he would be travelling on alone over the mountains, with no one to talk to but the old white mare the county had given him with the broken-down buggy. Perhaps it was that the girl pitied him too much, or it may have been only her natural manner, but certain it was that she was apparently very much interested in all he said and in all he had done. It was a pity, for it made him forget that he was only an itinerant parson, and so he told her his ideas about the future, which were very extravagant and impossibly hopeful. For the time he forgot the duty that he owed his church, and pictured for himself a future like other men, a home to which he could always go, and a woman and children that would believe that he was better and greater than all other men.

A man of the world is not given to acting on impulses; he does not propose to a woman because the nook they have found is very pretty and comfortable, with its flowers and deep easy-chairs, and because the music is very soothing, and love-making very easy. He does not forget that there is very little music in life, and that most chairs are very uncomfortable, and that the girl really looks very commonplace in her street clothes. But Mallory was not a man of the world, and as he sat by the window of the pretty frame house, and worked himself into the idea that his future was a very promising one, he told this girl that it was she who could bring him all this happiness, and without her love he must live on even as he was now living until the end.

No sooner had the words passed his lips than he saw his mistake, and that he had ruined the little pleasure he had in life by changing the relations between himself and the girl. There would be no more dinners alone now; no long walks after the service was over. All that was gone now, and forever.

"You will forgive me?" he said.

"I have nothing to forgive; it was my fault. I never thought of you in that way before. I'm very sorry, but I hope you will always come back when your work brings you here," she said. "You know how much we like you; you will always be welcome on the old footing."

Mallory moved slowly to the door, twisting his soft black hat in both hands. Nancy thought that he would leave without saying anything more, but just as he reached the door he walked back to where she sat, and raising her hand, kissed it with a certain reverence which she had never known before. He tried to say something about everything being different now, but the words were very indistinct, and she failed to catch their exact meaning.

It was the first proposal the girl had ever had, and the honest love of this man struck a deeper chord than had ever been aroused in her nature before. She felt as if he had placed her under some great obligation, and that she must do something to atone for the great wrong she had done and the unhappiness she had brought him. With an effort, she raised herself until her head rested against the back of the rocking-chair on which she sat. Then she looked at him with a certain intensity that made the parson feel the girl was about to say something of great importance, and that she would rather have left unsaid.

"It is right, I think," she began, very slowly, "to tell you why I cannot care for you more than I do, and why it would be impossible for you ever to make me love you. I am going to tell you that which as yet I have not spoken of to any one, not even my own brother. I am going to marry a man I love more than I thought I ever could any one, even more than I do Peter. I shall tell you who he is, and I am sure you will let no one know of it."

Young Mallory had been sitting with his head resting between his hands, and his eyes fixed on the colored squares in the matting. Since she had begun to speak, he had hardly really followed what she was saying; he was thinking more of himself and his own loss. He was, in a measure, sensible that she was taking him into her confidence as she had taken no one else, and a few hours since it would have pleased and encouraged him very much, but now it really made very little difference whom she did marry, and he had just about made up his mind that he would say something pleasant about him, whoever he was, and then stumble out of the room, and get away by himself on the prairie, where he could think it all over, and then he heard her say something about young Herrick, of Mertons.

His mind was still confused, and he looked at her questioningly. "You didn't say Herrick—not the Herrick of the Mirror Palace?" he said.

"Yes, Herrick of the Mirror Palace, if you like," she replied.

For the first time in his life Mallory felt that he was somebody, after all, and that his life had a certain value, and a value not only greater than this man, his successful rival, but even greater than the girl whom he had given all the love he ever could give to any one. He showed the satisfaction he felt in himself by the sudden change in his manner. He was almost smiling as he looked down at her now.

"You are going to marry Herrick," he said—"a man

without a principle, a common gambler? I wouldn't have thought it."

He keenly watched the effect his words had on the girl to whom he had so suddenly changed his tone, and he saw that every word was cutting deeper even than he had intended they should.

"I came to you, parson," she said, "as a friend. I spoke to you as I would have to no one else, because I thought you loved me, but I guess there are no friends where there is love. I thought perhaps there was."

Her words made the parson change his manner more suddenly than he had expected. "Yes, there can be friends where there is love," said Mallory, "and you know that I would do for you whatever one man can do for a woman. An hour ago I should have forbidden your ever marrying this man, and I should have told you why I forbade it. I should have told you all I know of him. But that was an hour ago. Since then I have passed from a friend to a refused lover. There is nothing I can say now that you would not hate me for, and I don't care to have you dislike me any more than you do. You see, I am one of those men that life is a good deal of reality to. There isn't much sweetness in it for me. I don't mind telling you that I do not like my work. I am discouraged, and I am tired, and now I have lost you. Perhaps some other woman may come into my life some day, but it is not very probable, and so I should like to go away thinking that we had not quarrelled, so that if we ever met again, we could shake hands, and—well, just as if all of it had not been as it has." He was standing back of her chair now, and he could see that the tears were in her eyes; and then suddenly she looked up at him, and without knowing exactly how it happened, he had bent over her from behind the chair and kissed her. "Good-by," he said.

"Good-by."

As she spoke, the door of the cottage was thrown back against the wall, and Peter Bundy stalked into the room. For a moment he stood near the open door, glancing first at the parson, and then back at the girl. The blood was in his head, and the veins stood out in big blue cords from his rough ill-shaven face. The parson still held the girl's hand in his, as if for protection, and his eyes were fixed on Bundy without the sign of fear. In the stillness he could plainly hear the bees as they blindly hurled themselves against the window panes, and the cocks crowing in the yard, and yet he could not determine what he should say to this man, whom he knew to be without mercy or fear when he was in anger.

It was Bundy who at last broke the awful silence. He walked near to the parson, and shaking him roughly by the shoulder, pointed to the open doorway.

"You are a coward," he said. "You come here because you are an outcast; they will not have you in the town. And when the men are from home, you take advantage of a woman. Leave this place and never come back, or so help me—"

But he did not finish his sentence, for the parson seized the wrist of the hand that rested on his shoulder in a grasp like a vise, and then threw it from him as if it were a thing in itself.

"Stop there," he cried; "you have gone far enough. You are not insulting me, but your own sister. You have taken me in and been kind to me because I am, as you say, an outcast; but, thank God, you, or no one else, can say that I am a coward! I will leave your house and I shall never come back to it, not because you say that I shall not, but because I loved Nancy and because she does not love me, and because I can never see her again."

The two men were very close together now, and were staring in each other's faces. It was Bundy who first turned away.

"Very well," he said, "so long as you go. You should never have put the idea of marriage into her head. She was happy as she was, weren't you, Nancy?" and he beckoned her to his side.

For a moment the girl hesitated. She looked at the parson, and then at her brother. It would have been better had she said that she was happy where she was, and to have spoken of her love for Herrick at a later day, but she knew what Bundy would say whenever she told him, and she thought it best to speak while the parson was with her.

"You know I am happy here, Peter," she began very slowly, "but you know every girl wants a home of her own, and some day, not at once, but some day, I am going to leave you; but I shall be very near you, only as far as Mertons."

When Nancy had finished, she waited for the storm to break; for when Bundy was angry, it was his custom to rave and swear until he was exhausted for lack of breath. But the disappointment of the morning had been working on his mind, and he was not himself. His manner was very quiet, and as if she had told him something not out of the common.

"Who are you to marry, Nancy?" he said.

"Don't be hard on me, Peter," she said. "I love Herrick, and I am going to marry him. You'll forgive me, won't you, brother?"

She threw herself into his arms and sobbed like a child. But the supplications and the tears had not touched Bundy; his face had grown uncommonly hard, and there was an expression there that Nancy had never seen before in all her life, for he had always been fairly good and kind to her, and when she looked up and saw his face now she drew away from him, and he opened his arms and allowed her to slip away from him—forever.

"Herrick is a gambler," he said, very quietly, "and he isn't square. You must choose between us, and now, right here."

There was not a semblance of a tear in the girl's eyes, but she stretched out her hands to him and dropped on her knees. And the parson came to her side, and took one of her hands in both of his.

"You see, Bundy," he said, "she is on her knees to you. If she is making a mistake, is this the way to show her that she is wrong? Remember she has no one to go to. If you turn her out, she will be alone."

"No, she will not be alone," said Bundy; "she can go to Herrick. She says he will marry her."

"And this," said Mallory, "is your own sister. The little girl whom you have brought up as you would your own child."

But Bundy stood as a man of stone, and his lips seemed to have lost the power of speech.

The girl rose to her feet, and caught up her bonnet that lay on the table, and started alone to walk to the door. But as she reached the threshold, she turned and walked back a few steps towards her brother.

"Good-by, Peter," she said, "good-by."

Bundy did not answer her, but gazed unconsciously in front of him, as if his thoughts had wandered very far from the little room and the girl and the parson that stood beside her.

They left him there as he stood, and ten minutes later, when they drove by in the parson's gig, they saw him through the doorway, still standing in the same place, and still looking in the same direction; and they drove quickly by, for they were afraid of his eyes that seemed to be staring at them, but without meaning in them.

There was no parson that afternoon in the church at New Boston—but that was no uncommon occurrence, for it often happened that he was delayed on the road—and after the congregation had waited some time, they left the church and walked back to their homes, or wandered off over the hill in pairs to see the sun set behind the white-capped Rockies. There was no one but Bundy knew that the parson had been in town, and it was several days before he left the ranch.

But some time before this the strange news of the marriage of Nancy Bundy and Caleb Herrick had reached New Boston, and had been eagerly discussed in all its details in every house and tavern.

It was said that on Sunday night the door to the Mirror Palace at Mertons had been thrown suddenly open, and the parson had stalked in. It was the first time that a parson had ever been known to visit a gambling-place in that county, and the men that were playing regarded it as an ill omen. Some of them rose from the table and from fear took off their hats, while others sat still and cursed the parson for a meddlesome fool from behind their cards. But to all of this he paid no heed. He walked directly to Herrick, who was dealing at a faro table, and said that he must see him outside, and at once. When the green baize door had swung to on the two men the game went on, and the house profited, for the men that remained seemed uneasy, and attempted to restore their nerve with long drinks of brandy and whiskey.

The three drove to the hotel, where the parson married Nancy and the gambler, with the proprietor and the housekeeper as witnesses.

The same night the parson left Mertons and jogged slowly over the mountains to the next town. He continued to carry on the work he had begun, and the people of New Boston failed to notice any change in him or his mode of life except that now he took his dinner every third Sunday at Burke's half-way house instead of at the Bundy ranch.

But in Bundy himself they found a different man. He no longer came to Burke's for a game of cards or a talk about the big iron stove. Indeed, it was very seldom that he visited the town at all, and then it was to buy provisions or something for use on the farm. While he had always been a man of quiet manners, he had now grown gloomy, and it was said that he had lost his grip, which means that his interest in this life was at an end, and his mind had reached the state of an old man who is but waiting for the last day.

Burke sometimes walked out to the ranch to see his old friend, but he always returned in a bad humor, and complained that his friend was no longer a fit companion for any one, and that a visit to a man on a sick-bed was positively agreeable as compared with a call on Bundy. He also told sad tales of how the ranch had run down, how the horses were ill-groomed, and how weeds were growing up in the garden, and the rooms in the house were no longer bright and cheerful looking as they were before Nancy went to live in Mertons.

For Bundy had become as a hermit. The interest and ambition had gone out of his life with the girl who had left him. He said he would never see her or hear her voice again. She had brought disgrace upon herself and her family; and the farm, which was to have been hers, was only useful now to grow enough truck whereby he could support life. When he died, it should go to the man who first claimed it.

Every one knew that Nancy had married against her brother's wishes, and thought that she had justly brought the reward upon herself. They were not very particular about men in that part of the country, but Herrick was not honest, and they could not stand that.

It was not long after the marriage that reports came to New Boston of trouble between Herrick and his wife. But the good people only said, "I told you so," and nodded their heads with an air of great wisdom.

It is probable that Bundy would never have heard these tales if it had not been for Burke; but the keeper of the half-way house had a very tender spot in his heart for Nancy, and so he went to Bundy and told him that his duty was to protect his sister, now that she needed help, whether she had disobeyed him in the past or not. But Bundy was steadfast, and refused to interfere.

"It is on her own head," he said; "she is as one dead to me."

When the summer had come again, and the yellow grass of the prairie was turning green again, and the snow was melting on the mountains and swelling the creeks into great rivers, news came of the baby, and again it was Burke that carried the tidings to the master of the ranch.

"There was only one before, but now there are two," he said; "and they need your help very badly. Things have gone from bad to worse. Let her come back and take her place on the ranch. Think of the difference it has all made, and how easily it might all be changed."

And then he went away, and left Bundy to fight it out alone.

He sat by the empty hearth long after the candle had spent its strength, and only the light of the new moon shone upon him as he struggled against his own obstinacy. It was nearly morning when he lit a new candle and wrote to his sister, and asked her to come back to the home that she had once made so bright and pleasant for them both. When he had finished the letter he carefully sealed it, and placed it on the mantel, where it stood for a week, until Burke came, while his friend was away, and carried it to Nancy with his own hands.

The next day Bundy found her sitting at the window, with the baby at her breast. He threw his hat carelessly on the table, and asked if dinner would soon be ready; and Nancy put the baby down, and came to him and threw her arms about his neck, and while she thanked God that he had given her her own home again, Bundy prayed that he might be shown the way to strike back at the man who had made him live so long without the girl that was all he cared for in the wide world.

But the trials had been very great for this young mother, and just when all the old happiness had come back into Bundy's life, it seemed as if she were to be taken away from him forever. For days he watched at her bedside, and Burke brought a woman over from the town to take care of the little child.

At last the crisis came, and in a moment of her consciousness she asked for the parson, and Bundy went down into the town and brought him back; for it was Sunday, and Mallory had come to preach the faith to the unbelievers.

"She is dying?" said the parson; but Bundy only laid the whip across the horse's flanks, and cursed it for a dumb fool.

Until late that night the parson sat by her side; but she did not know him, although several times she spoke his name and that of Peter Bundy. The cool night breeze that blew from the mountains gently stirred the curtains, and that slight rustle only accentuated the stillness of the little room where she lay. It was past ten when they heard the sound of a horse's hoofs beating on the hard trail at the door. Then Burke appeared at the door, and beckoned to Bundy, and the latter stole out of the room.

"He leaves at midnight if the train is on time," was all the parson heard; and then Bundy came back, and walked to the side of the bed where Nancy lay, and stooping over her, kissed her on the forehead.

"One minute, parson," he said, "just one minute, outside."

They stood for a moment on the steps of the little house. The stars twinkled and shone from the black sky, and there was no sound save the steady beating of the hoofs of Burke's horse, now far off towards the town.

"You must promise to be a father to her and the child," said Bundy. "The farm, such as it is, is yours. God bless you and her!"

Between Mertons and the railroad there is a river called Hell Roaring, for the water leaps up in great waves, and then hurls itself against the rocks, and the noise of it is deafening. Across this stream there is a bridge which is very narrow and unsafe even when the water is at its lowest ebb; but that night the snow from the mountains had lashed the stream into a great fury, and the water rose within a few feet of the bridge.

What took place there that night over the waters of the Hell Roaring only the stars will ever know; but so sure as the two men that left their homes that night must have met, so sure it is that neither of them was ever seen again.

There are no more weeds about the ranch now, but in their places the flowers bow and nod with the winds that blow across the prairie, and Nancy sits at the window and watches for her husband when he comes back from the fields to the cottage.

There is a new parson now, much older, and they say in New Boston much wiser, than Mallory, who, they think, showed his only sign of common-sense when he gave up the pulpit to become a farmer.

SEA-GULLS AT THE RESERVOIR.

KEEPERS, policemen, and the presence of many human visitors fail to protect the woodlands of Central Park from the occasional visits of predatory birds and beasts. The sylvan landscape which draws the robin, the oriole, and other welcome songsters to enliven the woods and verdant opens with carol and flitting color brings sometimes the owl and hawk by night or day to prey upon harmless small birds and beasts. Cats make poaching forays within these precincts, and in wildwood nooks rear families of offspring reverting in traits to untamed ancestral types; and foxes, escaped from the menagerie, make lairs in the Park, picking up a carnivorous living until discovered and shot by the guards.

Particularly inviting to aquatic birds is the upper reservoir in the Park. A mile and three-quarters in circumference, its high banks and environing trees give it a quiet and seclusion little disturbed by the pedestrians, never numerous, that walk the path about its brim. Its clear face, in calm or ruffled by play of winds into interchanging tints of brown and blue, is varied and pleasing.

The sea-gulls have found out the attractions of these sheltered waters, and hither they daily wing their way for a fresh bath, or storm refuge in rough weather. Afloat in air or upon the wave, these wild sea-rovers present a refreshing contrast to the aquatic birds held in confinement at the Park menagerie. Toward the middle of the forenoon a little knot of gulls, a half-dozen in number, perhaps, the forerunners of scores of others, may usually be discovered at rest in the centre of the reservoir, washing and preening their plumage, gossiping in their fashion as they make their toilet.

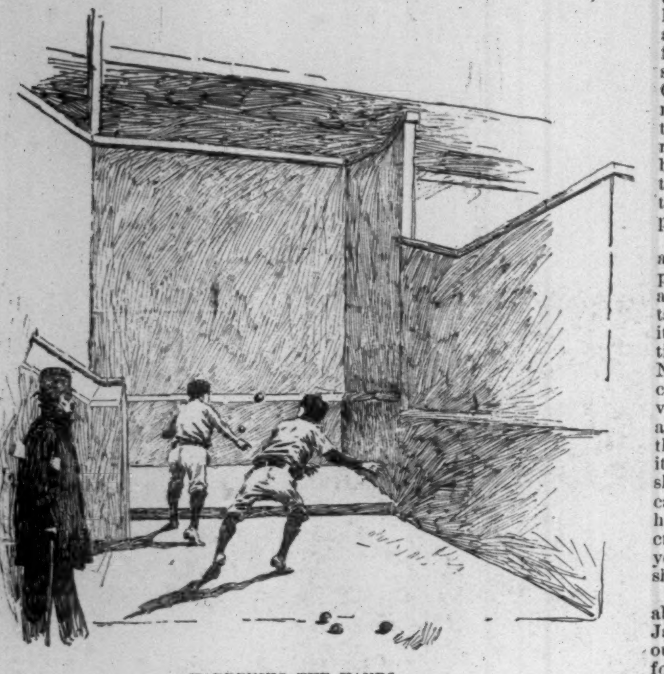
Stormy weather brings these wanderers to the reservoir in force. The promenader about its banks, lingering in the freshness of a bright autumnal or winter day to enjoy an air made soft and balmy by gathering invisible humidity, glances upward at a glimpse of motion in the air. With a flapping of white wings, a pivoting upon widespread pinions to left and to right, a gull sweeps in great circles downward and upward, an erratic diver in aerial space. Another and others appear, coming unseen, high over spires and housetops, from the east and west and south. For a few moments the air above the reservoir seems alive with these birds, which one by one end their gyrations in a long low sweep, skimming above the surface, and fading like spectres into the glancing ripples. Where they have gone, an inexperienced eye might fail to discover, but by looking keenly across the face of the reservoir, there is seen in the middle an upward flutter of white or gray as each new-comer takes his place in the compact fleet of his comrades tossing afloat like gathered foam-flakes.

A gathering chill and dampness in the air, the overcast sky, bright a few moments before, and the roughened waters beating strongly against the leeward wall confirm the message of the gulls that the wind is high in the harbor, and outside is shrieking through the rigging of vessels shortening canvas in preparation for bad weather.

This utilization of the basin by these birds as a storm refuge is an occasional one. Their common errand to the reservoir, the leisurely making of their toilets after a morning's fishing, is naturally looked on with disfavor by the keepers, who wage unceasing war upon them. The audacious gulls regard this hostility only so far as to retire beyond range at the sight of a guard carrying a fowling-piece. A crow is not more cunning than they to detect a fire-arm, however skilfully masked, a long way off, and the weapon is ineffective, except to disturb them by the noise of its discharge. At the report of a gun, they rise from the surface, revealing their numbers, and fly wildly about for a time before settling again in the water. Their resting-place is too far from the shore on every hand to be reached with shot, and bullet-firing in this locality is manifestly impracticable. To suppress these picturesque intruders which thus airily appropriate the city's fairest waters to their use, and disregarding hints and defying kicks, refuse to stay away, is an unsolved problem, and despite all efforts against them, the gulls as yet remain masters of the situation.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

THE COLLEGE ATHLETE IN-DOORS.—Drawn by F. V. Du Mond.—[See Page 306.]



HARDENING THE HANDS.

THE COLLEGE ATHLETE IN-DOORS.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

WHERE is the college graduate who does not punctuate his athletic reminiscences by tender reference to the "good old days"? Those "dear old days" when training, with all its drudgery, was an unexplored mystery and sport was recreation. And have we, after all, they muse, been benefited in proportion to our elaborate outlay in modern apparatus? Have the rowing tanks and the baseball cages made our athletes stronger, healthier, or given us better sport? Certainly not; finer specimens of hale old age and vigorous manhood than our grandfathers and fathers, who were the athletes of those "good old days," are not to be found, while every record extant bears testimony to the general jollification that a boat-race or baseball match was certain to furnish spectators and participants alike. But we have immeasurably advanced in skill, of course. This is a rapid, restless world, and the same spirit of progression that has thrust aside the old-time packet to make way for the modern ocean greyhound has likewise given masks and tackling bags.

The earliest recorded college boating in this country dates back to 1833; but it was neither a recognized nor organized sport, and races were impromptu and training unknown. It was not until about the year '59 that any attempt at physical preparation was made by the crews. And it was, to be sure, a heroic treatment; if it did not kill the men off before the race it was only because they had phenomenal endurance. Their routine of daily work reads to us now like a page from the diary of one of Gulliver's Brobdingnag athletes. Among other things, they ran four miles every morning before breakfast, finishing up in good speed; pulled weights in the gymnasium all the afternoon—and they were weights, too; none of your modern light, easily running pulleys, but great ponderous cubes of iron attached to a single cord running over a wheel that moved with difficulty, and unless you were well braced were likely to jerk you through the roof. To this light day's work the crew added a hard pull in the evening over the full course. They restricted their diet to meat, dry bread, oatmeal, and fruit occasionally. But they did

PLAYING OFF 1ST BASE.

not keep this up long—a few years sufficed to prove the fallacy of training on such a basis, and of working all the strength and energy out of men before the day of contest.

Some very funny incidents are recited, however, of those early days of training, and none is more delicious than the one related to me a few days ago by Lieutenant G. A. Merriam, U.S.N., who pulled bow oar along in '67-'68, in one of the best crews the Naval Academy Cadets turned out in those years of their greatest aquatic (racing) activity. It seems that one of the particularly desirable candidates for the crew was somewhat inclined to an embonpoint that was not susceptible to the then usual prescriptions of training down. But necessity, always the mother of invention, was in this instance positively brilliant—they used to run that candidate around the grounds until you could have tracked him by the streamlets of perspiration, and when they considered his pores to have been well opened, he was taken into one of the mechanical department buildings and stood up before the furnace, where all recalcitrant fat was literally fried out of him. That candidate has never since been burdened with adipose tissue.

The training as carried on to-day is a matter of the last few years. It is easily within the memory of the youngest *alumnus* when, even a decade ago, there were no rowing tanks, no baseball cages, and no tackling bags. The crews contented themselves with the crude pulley-weights, the candidates for the nine awaited the coming of spring, and the football men took their rudimentary lessons when the season had actually begun. College rivalry, however, has been the means of developing training, until now the crews begin work in January for the race that is rowed the last of June; the baseball men go into their cage at about the same time, while football men during their summer vacation are not infrequently preparing for the autumn campaign.

With so much energy directed to the acquisition of skill, the elaboration of apparatus has been a natural sequence. Yale, although the first to introduce the rowing tank, in 1887, has been the last to provide it with a modern setting; but the completion of the magnificent new gymnasium at New Haven will give its athletes the most complete appliances that ingenuity can devise and money purchase. Before it falls a prey to the desecrating modish hands that swept aside the old wooden fence, with its memories of years, some son of Yale should perpetuate on canvas the present cage. It is a long, low, narrow shed of humble pretensions, but in it have been cradled the nines that for upwards of ten years won the intercollegiate championship pennant for their *alma mater*.

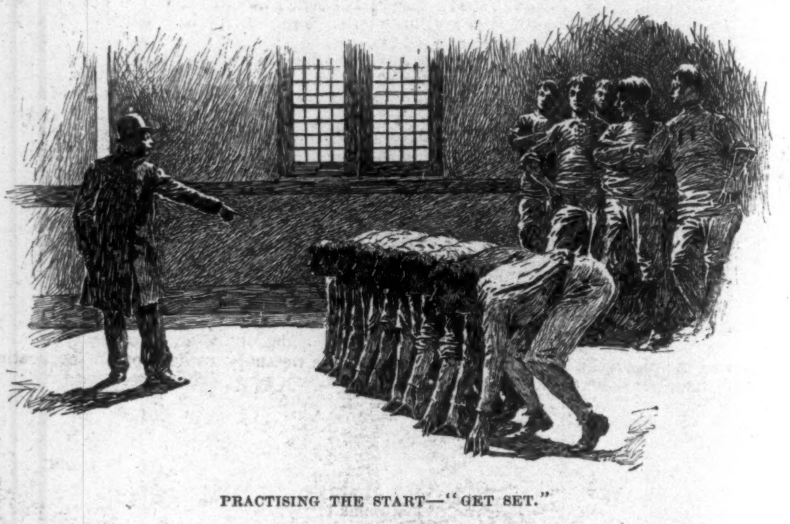
At Harvard, the Carey building, erected about two years ago, and located between Jarvis and Holmes Fields, is the most thoroughly equipped of any in the country for the in-door training of crew nine and eleven. It has a large, light, and airy rowing-tank room, a cage used by baseball and football men in their seasons, two handball courts, and showers and lockers enough for the demand. It is in this building that Mr. Du Mond made the sketches in the present issue.

The cage at Princeton is quite twice as large as that of any other college, and has the advantage of affording a running track, which, although smaller than that in the Hemenway gymnasium, is much pleasanter for training, because made of cinders, rather than boards and felt. Princeton has no crew, and consequently no rowing tank; but the cage is completely equipped for the baseball and football men; in fact, it is so large that four batteries can easily work at the same time by stretching a net across the centre; and it is possible for the catcher candidates to practise heading off the runner to second base. Of course, there is a gymnasium with pulleys, etc., for the very first hardening-up process. Besides this, Princeton has, through the generous donation of Professor Osborne, the prettiest and most complete little club-house, where the 'varsity teams will have their training tables, in the country. It is finished in hard-wood throughout, and has the most cheerful dining and lounging rooms for the 'varsity men imaginable, while upstairs are apartments for the coach and permanent quarters for the trainer. It is a gem.

In many of the smaller colleges where baseball is a feature of athletics, a cage made of netting is rigged up in the gymnasium. In cases of this kind the in-door training amounts to very little; throwing the sliding spool and using a sliding cushion for base-sliding practice being the chief; but where a dirt-floor cage is provided, a great deal of the preliminary work may be accomplished by the time the men can get out-of-doors. Of course the men do not learn to play ball, but they do get hardened up and drilled in sliding to base, playing off base and getting away quickly, and picking up grounders. In short, they are practised in all the tricks of the game, and ready to put them in use when once on the diamond. The handball court is wonderfully good at hardening the hands, and, as in its most primitive form it may be improvised from the side wall of any building, it is strange some of the smaller college nines having no courts or cage do not appreciate the advantages of even the home-made article. The battery, of course, secures a great deal of valuable practice if the light is good; and this year an improvement in the way of a guide to the pitcher has been added by Harvard in a dummy battery.

The rowing tank is worth a description. Generally speaking, they are alike, though there are minor matters in which they differ. There are oars with holes bored in the blade, oars with strips cut out of the blade, and there is yet much experimenting as to the best method by which the speed of the stroke may be increased. Then Yale has a movable mirror attached to her tank, and so arranged as to slide on a rope along the side, and directly over the oars. It may be placed opposite any man in the boat, and is used by the coach as an aid in correcting the faults of a candidate, who may look into the mirror by turning his head and see for himself the failures pointed out. The tank consists of a basin, long and wide enough to approximate an eight-oar shell. It is divided in the centre by a fixed boat, on which are eight seats, and again subdivided by a partition running through the centre between the boat and the brim to a point equally distant from the end and sides, which facilitates the flow of water when set in motion by the oars. The bow end is deeper than the other, the water through which the blades pass being one foot four inches deep, while at the extreme end it is a foot and a half deeper. The intention of this arrangement is to give enough depth for the second stroke before the water which has been sent down by the first stroke gets back again. The training of oarsmen outside of the tank consists of chest movements on the pulley-weights and cross-country runs, even in comparatively bad weather. Out-door running has been found so vastly superior in giving wind and hardening the leg muscles to the old-time spring-board or the in-door track, that it is persisted in as much as possible.

Other than gaining instruction in the rudiments of the game, the football men do not do a great deal of in-door work. As a rule they either play baseball or go in for rowing, and are therefore in continuous training—which, by-the-way, is not so desirable as many appear to believe. There is little question by those who look carefully and intelligently into the subject that keeping a man at top training all the year round is harmful. It is like running a steam-engine at high pressure constantly, and is bound to result eventually, if not in collapse, at least in impaired usefulness. However, it is not intended to go into these matters in this article. It is invariably the case that football men are naturally inclined to an out-door life, and are consequently, even if not regularly training for other sports, in very good condition all the time. They usually begin seriously getting toughened up about the 1st of September, and in the course of four or five weeks are in prime condition, barring accidents. The most important feature of the football man's in-door training is the tackling bag, a recent contrivance intended to perfect men in tackling. It is a bag, sometimes canvas and sometimes leather, about five and a half feet in length, and with about the circumference of a man's body. It is stuffed with a mixture of excelsior and hair with a little sawdust, and



PRACTISING THE START—"GET SET."

packed solidly, though not too hard. It is hung up by a strap or rope running over a pulley, so it may be lowered or raised, and what would represent a man's legs between hips and knees is marked off, and the bag always kept at a height that would make them correspond to the actual player. Then it is set in motion, and the candidate tackles it. Lieutenant G. A. Merriam, U.S.N., stationed at Annapolis, has made an improvement that is certain to be copied. He has rigged an arrangement, nautically termed a "squilgee," whereby when a man tackles the bag his weight releases it, and he "downs" the stuffed and inanimate opponent.

Those who devote themselves to track and field athletics proper are not compelled to undergo the training necessary for the crew, eleven, or nine. Light but steady exercise during the winter keeps them in fair condition, and with the first coming of spring they are out on the track. And here really begins their training, which, although not severe as that of the oarsmen and football men, is none the less rigorous. They keep up to some extent, particularly if they are undeveloped, work on the chest weights until the season is in full swing, and then in-door work is eschewed entirely, and all the training is done on the track. The kind of work varies, of course, with the game the athlete is training for. Tennis men follow about the same in-door course as the track athletes, though there is little actual training done except by a few experts. As a closing sentence, I should like to sound a note of warning to all young men and boys who contemplate baseball, football, or any other game: never attempt either, if you are unused to great physical exertion, without some preliminary training to accustom your muscles to the unusual strain. Many men and many more boys have been hurt, and if not injured, disgusted, by rushing pell-mell into violent exercise for which they were entirely unfitted. Walk first before you attempt to run.

STEALING 2D BASE.

AMATEUR SPORT

If the Board of Managers of the Amateur Athletic Union want reasons pointed out to them why their government is not satisfactory to the better element of athletes and clubs, they are referred to the disgraceful "boxing" tournament at the Metropolitan Opera-house last week. It was held under the auspices of the "Crescent Rowing Club," and it was a professional fight in everything but name. The *Sun*, both morning and evening edition, is to be congratulated not only for its complete showing up of the affair, but for having a reporter on its staff with nerve enough to resist the blandishments of the A. A. U. officials, and to speak up like a man for honest sport. This department since its inception has been fighting the cause single-handed, and trying to show sportsmen what a rotten condition amateur boxing under the A. A. U. is in. At last the press of the city has come pretty generally into the affray. Probably our united efforts may crush out this pest which the A. A. U. persists in countenancing. The affair last week was the most flagrant of them all. Professional pugilists were openly connected with it—managed the fighters, divided the gate receipts, and turned the Opera-house into a Bowery brawling shop. It was generally known that the "Crescent Rowing Club" exists in name only, for the purpose of covering the schemes of a few saloon-keepers, who "divy" with such of the Amateur Athletic Union's "amachoor" fighters they "let in" to the scheme.

The Amateur Athletic Union managers claim they cannot prove professionalism on these men. In the first place, they don't try; if they did, they could easily get evidence. In the second place, they actually encourage the deception by giving dates to such barefaced swindling schemes as this "Crescent Rowing Club." How came this "club" to get the date? How about the rule which states a club must have so many members, etc., etc., before being recognized? And the A. A. U. managers wonder honest athletes and sportsmen have no confidence in them, and call them recreants to their trust, as they look on this picture and then turn back to the one presented two years ago, when, with a great ado, they threw out the Brooklyn Heights Athletic Club because its membership (composed of honest athletes and gentlemen) had not reached the requisite figure, but really because Malcolm W. Ford was a member of it! No language of mine is too strong to arraign the officials of the Amateur Athletic Union before the bar of public opinion. They are a party to these outrageous scenes of prostituted amateurism by their official recognition, and their failure to make at least an attempt to remedy the evil. As for this particular show last week, it was a swindle and a fake from beginning to end—referee, judges, and all. H. W. Schlichter, of the A. C. S. N., Philadelphia, was one of the judges, and he has everlastingly damned his reputation in this city. We do not expect much from the class of men who run these affairs, but we do expect at least fair and honest decision from an amateur and a member of such a club as the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy. We shall take good care not to be mistaken again.

As might be expected during the early days on the water, the Harvard crew has shown little if any improvement during the past week. At times the severity of the weather has compelled them to give up the afternoon spin, and take long runs as a substitute. Captain Kelton has, however, made the most of every opportunity, and whenever the weather has been favorable the crew has taken a long row. That the men are interested is clearly shown by the prompt manner in which they turn up at the boat-house, and the willingness with which they take to the hard work.

As in former years, the chief difficulty seems to be to decide upon the man who will fill stroke's position. It is evidently a toss up between Lynam and Ninde. Lynam is more worthy of consideration, for his long experience places him far ahead of Ninde, who is as yet an untried quantity, though reports from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, from which he was graduated last year, declare his heart to be in the right place.

A better combination than Lynam at stroke with Kelton at 7 would be hard to find. Certainly these two men would be worthy of every confidence, and if once they get working well together it will require a good man at 6 to hand back the stroke in a proper manner.

Apropos of 6's position, every effort is being made to drill Acton into proper shape. To be sure, Acton is awkward; but, nevertheless, he can be made a right good man for the place, provided enough trouble is taken to teach him. He has a typical build for an oarsman, and if he can train off a little of his superfluous weight he would make a superb man to back up Kelton. Cummings must be considered as the probable man to fill 5's position, and yet it would not surprise me to see some one take his place, for he certainly is not doing as well as he might.

For the other positions there are Vail, Rantoul, Newell, Slade, Bond, and several others. Vail can hardly be said to be in proper condition, but when the warm weather comes, he will, I am inclined to think, improve rapidly. It must be confessed that expert opinion does not favor Rantoul's keeping a place in the boat, for it is possible to find a better man. Rantoul is good for every pound he has in him. Although not a finished oar, he works well, and tries his best. He is not, however, what I should call a 'varsity man.

Newell is doing fairly well, and will undoubtedly improve rapidly in the weeks to come. Slade has shown the greatest improvement since the crew went on the water. He has evidently made up his mind to win a place.

It is impossible to understand why Jones is not given a chance on this year's crew. He is by far the most finished oar in Harvard to-day, and I am much mistaken in the man if he is not as well fitted to stand the strain of a four-mile race as any man of his weight. Certainly he has as much strength and endurance as Rantoul, and why Coach Adams and Captain Kelton should be so short-sighted as to allow themselves to lose his services is beyond my comprehension at least. He would make as good a bow-oar as Harvard ever had, and would put a finish to the crew which it sadly needs at present. I speak rather strongly in his favor, for I consider that he has not been treated as his ability deserves. So far as condition is concerned, the Harvard men are all but perfect. They are a little over weight, but this is as it should be at this time of the year. I cannot help thinking that the prospects of turning out a good crew at Cambridge were never brighter than they are to-day. Everything depends on the way the men continue to apply themselves.

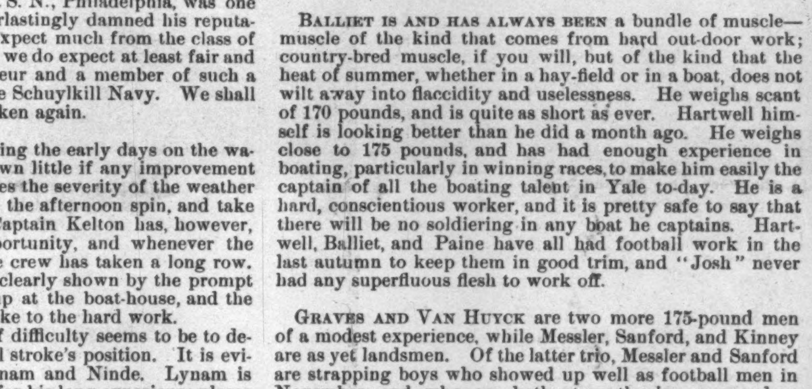
The Yale crew last week had the benefit of John Rogers's coaching. One of the first things he did was to try Gallaudet at stroke. This is the third change at this very important seat. A few weeks ago it was Chatfield, then Howland, and now Gallaudet, who has been rowing at 5, is to have a try. Of the three men, Gallaudet has had the most experience, and certainly seems to put the most snap in his work, but the season is too young to criticise *rowing*. The only feature really worth considering in March is the men, their training, disposition, and quality. Gallaudet has sat for years in a class boat, and has an excellent reputation for judicious work as a stroke. He weighs just the good side of 170. Both Chatfield and Howland are a pound or two lighter, but neither has had the experience of Gallaudet. Howland does not give one the impression of being put together for hard work; but as the son of Judge Henry Howland, of this city, there should be nothing amiss with his grit.

No one would fancy a better man at No. 7 than Brayton Ives's boy, who stroked a seven-oared crew to victory in the Yale-Atalanta race two years ago. He has the blood, and he has likewise the nerve and the muscle. Last year, by the advice of his physicians, he remained out of boating, but he has been both rowing and running now for weeks, and an examination shows him to be sound and strong. He is a very trim-built fellow of 175 pounds, and took his stroke from Phil Allen—a man who held a crew strongly together, if ever a stroke oar did. Of the men of last year to sit behind Ives there are Hartwell, Balliet, and Paine. Then there is another of the Yale line of Rogerses for bow. This one is very light, only 150 pounds, but all his brothers have turned out rowing men, and he himself pulled fairly well on his Freshman crew. Paine is being worked hard to keep his flesh down and to put some ginger in his rowing, and he is already a better man than he was last year—than he was a month ago. He has always shown pluck and determination, with an unlimited willingness.

Balliet is and has always been a bundle of muscle—muscle of the kind that comes from hard out-door work; country-bred muscle, if you will, but of the kind that the heat of summer, whether in a hay-field or in a boat, does not wilt away into flaccidity and uselessness. He weighs scant of 170 pounds, and is quite as short as ever. Hartwell himself is looking better than he did a month ago. He weighs close to 175 pounds, and has had enough experience in boating, particularly in winning races, to make him easily the captain of all the boating talent in Yale to-day. He is a hard, conscientious worker, and it is pretty safe to say that there will be no soldiering in any boat he captains. Hartwell, Balliet, and Paine have all had football work in the last autumn to keep them in good trim, and "Josh" never had any superfluous flesh to work off.

Graves and Van Huyck are two more 175-pound men of a modest experience, while Messler, Sanford, and Kinney are as yet landsmen. Of the latter trio, Messler and Sanford are strapping boys who showed up well as football men in November, and who are both strengthening every day. Messler has the bull neck and broad hips that augur well for the pounds he should be able to put into a sweep when he learns how, and both he and Sanford are getting plenty of pair-oar work for that purpose. Hartwell was bitterly disappointed that Cowles did not come on from the West last month, for he meant to keep him at New Haven if he once succeeded in laying hands on him. To tell the truth, there are few men of the possible coaches Hartwell would rather have than Al Cowles. The amount of work this crew has succeeded in getting on the water will be worth a great deal to the men later, and it is unfortunate that now, at the time when their ideas are forming, and they are just beginning to swing their oars with some intelligence and unison, they should not have all the coaching they want.

On Yale's baseball nine this year, Carter promises to be the best all-round player. Captain Murphy is putting him on first base, but there are plenty of men who, knowing his ability as a pitcher, think that he should be put in the box instead of at the corner of the diamond. Murphy and the in-field fancy him as a mark to throw at because of his height, and, incidentally, possibly he is counted on to save them



HANDLING GROUNDERS.

THE BATTERY AT WORK.

errors. He can and has played behind the bat, but his forte is pitching, and he may be given a chance there, especially if McClung comes out to take his old position at first, which is more than likely. Case and Bowers are the choice for pitcher's box at present. The latter has had the greater experience, but it has always been said of him that he is not a natural ball-player. This is true, and a year or so ago it was patent to any one, even the most casual spectator. But his play last year improved him, and he is no longer a "pitcher only." For all that, he will never be able to play the position for all it is worth. He will always be a pygmy beside that young giant in the pitcher's box—Lawrence A. Young, of Princeton. Case is crowding Bowers hard, and it will be a close thing between them. Some think Case has more speed than Bowers, and if he demonstrates such to be a fact, it will give him a lead. He certainly gets on pace occasionally in his practice.

Cole, a Freshman, is also pushing Jackson hard for a back stop. He is already as good as Jackson was last year, but the latter has improved in his throwing, and is getting in a short-arm throw with more strength. His experience, too, is, of course, not to be despised, and should have considerable weight in deciding between the two, as a Freshman is always an unknown quantity when it comes to a championship game. Norton, the strongest man for second, made a good record at Dartmouth a year or two ago, and is considerably older than the other candidates. He understands the position, and has a fair eye for batting.

Murphy, at short stop, is a born ball-player, and did some very clever work last year. He will spoil all easy hits over short for singles by his nimbleness, and is a careful though by no means a heavy hitter. Kedzie, who was hardly properly handled last year, is likely to make a good third-baseman, and L. Bliss, of football fame, and who played the position last season, will hardly hold it. He is a better fielder, and, as a matter of fact, the work of out-field is more to his taste. Beall, the man who made his reputation as a "bunter" last year, is trying both for second and the field. The other candidates have their spurs yet to win.

Harvard and Princeton will not play football this year on Thanksgiving day, or any other day. In reply to Princeton's proposition for a game on any Saturday in the season, which is practically any date but Thanksgiving day, Harvard declares she "is unwilling to be a party to any arrangement which puts Harvard on an inequality with Yale in regard to the games of the two colleges with Princeton." Harvard feels she should have a Thanksgiving-day game at this end of the line every other year, and it must be confessed that the average graduate, regardless of his college affiliation, agrees with her. Princeton does not wish to destroy her friendly relations with Yale, which have become very closely knitted in the last year, as she would be very apt to do by acceding to Harvard's proposal for a Thanksgiving-day game at either Princeton or New York; nor does she wish to cause disruption in the Football Association, as would be the result of her upsetting present arrangements. There is not likely to be any change this year in the present state of football affairs, for the reason that Harvard is really not very anxious to play Princeton, and will therefore make no departure from the date on which she insists, and which Princeton will not grant her. Harvard's feeling towards Princeton is perfectly friendly, but they are not very enthusiastic over two big games in one season, claiming that the game with Princeton is apt to cripple their chances with Yale. This position is hardly tenable, however, for every one who knows football knows full well that Yale's game against Princeton is always much stronger because of her one a week before with Harvard. Princeton's position in this matter was a trying one, but her course has been as true as a die, and absolutely sportsmanlike.

The Amateur Bowling Union finals begun March 14th is the first attempt of the Union to hold a tournament independently, and as during the first week fully 2000 persons witnessed the different games, its effort, from a spectator's point of view, may be considered successful. The fifteen clubs entered represent the very best talent chosen in open competition from New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and are: New York—New York A. C., Manhattan A. C., Ivanhoe, Phœnix, Grip, New York B. C., and Standard. Brooklyn—Peerless, Waverly, and Echo. New Jersey—Palma, Jersey City A. C., Elizabeth A. C., America, and Montgomery. At the close of the first week every club had rolled a game, and the form displayed was much better than had been expected. Out of 30 scores, the individual average was 163, against an average of 160 made by all the clubs in the different sections previous to the finals. The highest score, 917, was made by the Echos; the lowest was 715. This pace will probably not be kept up. The tournament has been so successful that the Executive Committee of the A. B. U. is talking of erecting its own alleys next year, with a seating capacity great enough to accommodate the spectators. The probable winners, placed according to their public form: Ivanhoe, Phœnix, Peerless, and Echo. It is too early yet, however, to make a selection with any pretence to accuracy.

Caspar W. Whitney.

AFTER THE DEBATE. THE SHEEP: "DON'T GET IMPATIENT, GENTLEMEN; YOUR TIME WILL COME SOON ENOUGH."

IS IT A DISPLAY OF BUSINESS, OR MERELY A BUSINESS OF DISPLAY?

THE BOY AT THE DIKE.

THE COAL FAMINE IN ENGLAND. A COLD DAY FOR JOHN BULL.

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH AFTER THE PRESIDENTIAL BEE.

THE GLADIATOR.

THINGS OF THE DAY.—Drawn by Bert Wilder.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

It is in its present stage of construction that the mammoth building for the Manufactures and Liberal Arts at the World's Fair is most curious and interesting. They are now at work on the big derrick, or "traveller," as it is called, and the dimensions of this engine are suggestive of the tremendous proportions the building itself will assume as it nears completion. The great Eads bridge at St. Louis is a remarkable structure, and one would fancy that a building containing more iron and steel than that embraced in its mighty arches must be a rare building indeed. In the Manufactures building will be used 400 tons more of metal than the amount used by Mr. Eads's engineers. New-Yorkers know what Brooklyn Bridge looks like. With the metal to be used in the Liberal Arts building two such bridges could be built, and there would still remain as much as 2400 tons unused. To be more exact, upwards of 12,000,000 pounds of steel and iron will be consumed by the constructionists in the work of putting the Liberal Arts hall together.

The plans for this the most extensive building ever attempted by man were prepared by Mr. George B. Post, of New York. The trusses that will support the roof are the largest in the world. There will be a clear span of 386 feet from pillar to pillar. When the New-Yorker stated that a span of this proportion would be used, architects and builders generally laughed at the idea, and said that this was ideal construction. But the enterprise was not submitted solely to builders of houses. It was a point that was not all included in the studies of architecture. It more nearly approached bridge engineering. This is true of more than one building planned for the Columbian Exposition. The bridge engineers were consulted, made their calculations, looked wise, closed their eyes as if in deep thought, and then pronounced, "It *can* be done, but it will cost a great fortune in dollars."

Mr. Post was vindicated, and the World's Fair Treasury undertook to do the rest. The contracts were let to a Pittsburg company, and now they are demonstrating the accuracy of the mathematics by literally doing the work.

But there was another problem (and not a small one) to be solved before the iron and steel were made ready. Given the plans and the material, how could this 6000 tons of metal be lifted into position? There are 26 main trusses, each weighing 200 tons, and these are to form the bases for the roof spans. To lift a mass of material weighing 200 tons, and to handle it with the precision and accuracy necessary for the niceties of Mr. Post's plans, require no common enginery. And no common enginery is brought into play here. It was a month ago that the builders began the work of constructing the engine which was to carry these immense masses of metal as easily as an athlete swings a dumb-bell. It is now almost finished—a derrick 255 feet in height, and 368 feet in length. It is built with four uprights at the corners, that are jointed at sections of 40 feet by heavy cross-beams, making the skeleton. For the stays are used ropes of steel that are strung diagonally. Then there are V-trusses that, being bolted and mortised to the cross-beams, insure the strength of the structure.

The "traveller" rests on a foundation as stable and as solid as may be. A strip of the great floor was torn up, and piles in three rows were driven in along the line of the track which the derrick is to follow. Caps of timber 12 inches square, on which are placed 100-pound steel rails, make track. Purchase will be had in the great cranes that will be rigged on the top of the "traveller." The heaviest tackle obtainable will be used in the working of these cranes. A stationary engine will be used to move the derrick along the track over heavy double-flanged wheels.

Now that this great derrick is ready, it is expected that the building itself will grow rapidly. In this case the preparation for the work is almost as great an undertaking as the work itself.

THE WRECKERS.

Next to the United States Life-saving Service, the private wrecking companies of the large coast cities are the most important agencies for saving life and valuable cargoes from watery graves. Generally they are not called into service until the life-saving stations have performed their work, but occasionally when a ship is beached or grounded on a shoal, as in the case of the *Windermere* at Deal Beach, the wrecking company's apparatus is needed before the passengers are carried off by the life-savers.

The wrecking companies are private institutions, and they are paid a reasonable sum for their services, and all expenses. This payment of salvage can be forced in the courts if the owners of the rescued ship refuse to acknowledge the claim. The government employs the private wrecking companies frequently, making special contracts with them, and in times of war they are almost indispensable in clearing harbors and raising sunken gunboats and men-of-war.

The wrecking materials consist of large lighters, tugs, diving bells and dresses, and other articles for special purposes. Most of the material can be shipped overland to any part of the coast, and frequently New York city wrecking companies are called to the Maine or Canadian coast to rescue some large ocean steamer from her peril.

If the ship has run upon the beach or shoal, preparations are immediately made to haul her off. The cargo is placed upon lighters if the ship is too heavy to move, and then enormous anchors, made for the purpose, are dropped several hundred fathoms away in deep water. Cables from these anchors connect with an enormous hawser, which is fastened securely at the other end to some "bit" or strong place on the stranded ship's deck. A steam-winch supplies the motive power, and, as the blocks begin to creak and the cables to strain, the ship is gradually lifted from its bed. Advantage is often taken of the wind, tide, and waves, and as every heavy swell raises the head or stern of the vessel, the hawser gives an extra jerk, moving the wreck several yards seaward. Tugs are very seldom used for pulling the stranded ship off the shoal, for much greater power is obtained by means of the anchors.

If the steamer strikes a rock or runs into another vessel, she invariably sinks at once, and the wrecking company is simply required to save her cargo or raise the hulk. The divers first go down to the sunken vessel, and explore the cabins and the hole where the rock struck her. In doing this a great deal of trouble is experienced when the vessel keels over on her side or sinks with the stern or bow standing upright.

When the dead bodies are removed, the cargo is gradually hauled up by means of derricks from the sides of lighters. The divers, from their position under the water, fill the scoops with various things, and the work of saving the cargo goes on rapidly. The divers, however, make a report after their first exploration, and the owners or insurance men instruct them whether to save the cargo or vessel first. Sometimes the cargo is pitched out on the bottom of the sea, and large chains are passed under the sunken ship. Pontoons are floated on either side of the vessel, and gradually the wreck is raised to the surface. The holes in her side are then roughly covered over, and the pumps are set to work to relieve her cabins of water. When the water is all out, the ship floats of her own accord, and she can be quickly towed into some port; but if a storm comes up meanwhile, she may be abandoned by the wrecking company, and the wind and waves will once more force her to the bottom. Many instances of such a fate are on record, and off the coast of Virginia the *Amadora* lies now with many thousand dollars' worth of wrecking material on her.

A COMING CATASTROPHE

Is to be apprehended when the kidneys and bladder even partially cease operations. Rouse them with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which impels them to activity without unduly exciting them. Kidney disease is obstinate and destructive. Ward off the coming catastrophe with the Bitters, highly effective for rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, and la grippe. Sovereign in all.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discoloration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

SOZODONT,

in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor.

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Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

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If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

RABBIT TRACKS.

AMONG all the footprints of woodland creatures, those of the rabbit afford the most interesting subjects of study, and the three or four indentations, somewhat in the form of a triangle, that she leaves on the surface of the newly fallen snow are attractive from their quaintness. The first two of these tracks are in a line, but the last two vary considerably, according to the speed of their maker, and are generally several inches apart, although sometimes they form but one splashy indentation. This last is the case when she makes her greatest leaps, which are often remarkably lengthy.

One sullen winter day, while walking through a wood where the old swamp-oaks hung their branches low to the ground and the cat-brier made secluded retreats, I discovered a rabbit seated at the base of a tree. As I approached, I made considerable noise, and even stamped on the frozen ground close to the rabbit; but as it did not move, and had its eyes closed, I began to think it either ill or dead. Finally it opened its eyes, and fled in evident terror, having, in all probability, been fast asleep. I measured the tracks in the snow from the middle of one to that of the other, and found them, in most cases, to be about nine feet apart. William Hamilton Gibson, discussing this subject in his latest book, *Sharp Eyes*, mentions ten feet as the length of a rabbit's leap on exciting occasions.

Probably the finest rabbit footprints are to be seen on the smooth snow-clad surface of a pond, one of those minor lakes in the woods, across which bunny will occasionally proceed as directly as she is able, leaving a chain of her tracks from shore to shore. If she has not been hurried, the last two are at a considerable distance apart, one before the other; but whether in haste or not, the foremost pair are always in a line at right angles to the course pursued, and are far apart.

As to how these tracks are made has often been queried, and Mr. Gibson mentions his observations, stating that the foremost impressions are left by the hind feet, and thinks that instantaneous photography would give some interesting results.

A wild rabbit is too wild—is, indeed, too "instantaneous"—when running away to be a good subject for observation by the common method, but a tame one will answer in every particular, and will prove the case satisfactorily. For this purpose, a neighbor once lent me a Maltese bunny. Having wet the animal's feet, I started her over several newspapers spread out upon the floor, and marked the wet and shrivelled spots with a pencil. I afterwards discovered that the most susceptible substance on which to track her moist feet was the dry hearth-stone, which portrayed every movement as faithfully as the flag-stones tell the arrival of the first raindrops in a summer shower.

From these sources I found that when bunny was not hurried, she put one, say the right, leg forward, then her left, and then brought her two hind legs simultaneously somewhat in advance of the last step. In other words, she walked with her forelegs, and jumped with her hind ones. In a rapidly moving rabbit, of course, the power comes from the long hind legs, and the forelegs touch the ground more nearly together, and, by reason of the momentum, further behind the impressions made by the hind pair. Occasionally a rabbit will walk like a cat or a dog, but the combination walk-and-jump method of progression, even when going slowly, is the most common.

An inspection of the structure of a rabbit is sufficient to prove it a physical impossibility for the forefeet to be placed as far apart laterally as the hind ones, and as of the footprints the foremost two are always farthest separated, they must be made by the hind legs. Otherwise it would need for the production of the tracks a rabbit nine feet long.

WILLIAM T. DAVIS.

HOMING PIGEONS FOR MILITARY PURPOSES.

THE United States government has, like many others, at one time endeavored to use homing or carrier pigeons for military purposes, but it cannot be claimed that they are or ever will be a success from a military point of view. While capable of performing wonderful feats, still experiment has shown that they are not reliable and certain to bring the message to the destination, and could not therefore be depended upon in an emergency.

They require constant and persistent training, and can only be used between established points, for, as their name indicates, they will not return from the point of starting unless greatly attached to their home.

Belgium is the native abode of these birds, and there we find that the most faithful experiments to perfect them have been made. In Europe they are known as the Antwerp carrier, voyageur, or homing pigeon.

Their flight is rapid, often averaging seventy-five miles an hour. To drill them properly, they must be taken when young—at about three months old—and trained to fly in a fixed direction, say north, south, east, or west, as, for instance, a north bird, although having had considerable practice in flying, will probably not return if carried far south from its home and then turned loose. Starting—better early in the morning—with the young bird, it should be carried in an open basket, from which it can readily view the surrounding country, to a distance of about half a mile on the first day, and then turned loose. On the following day this distance may be increased for two miles, and for the succeeding drills these distances could be gradually increased at first, and later on more rapidly, always taking the same bird in the same direction to obtain the best result. The drill must be constant, and even under such circumstances the birds may fail to return to their home if—for example, while *en route* they stop to feed, meet other pigeons, and become attached to some farm-yard or other attractive place. However, this would probably occur only when flown for long distances.

Whether the weather be stormy or clear does not seem to make much difference as to the reliability of their flight, but the character of the country appears to play an imporant part, as in certain portions of France and Belgium no success whatever has been attained in flying them. Some have been flown in Europe at distances of over six hundred miles, but of those turned loose only a small percentage reached their home. We read of them in history as having been used in the earliest times to carry the names of the victors at the Olympic games; in England, to carry monetary intelligence and news as to the result of horse-races before the use of the telegraph. While at some military posts in our army attempts were made to use them, I now think that the project has been entirely abandoned, as the telegraph and heliograph for military signalling are of far greater value; at some posts flocks still linger, but in a neglected manner, and they are rapidly degenerating, due to in-breeding. The method of attaching the message is not, as popularly understood and as we read in romantic stories, by fastening it to their necks, but is done by shaving the centre tail feather, and wrapping the message, written on thin paper, around it, tying on with thread. If the paper be attached to other portions of the body, such as a leg, their perfect balance is disturbed and flight impeded, thus causing them to endeavor to pick it off.

When turned loose to be flown to their home, they rise straight into the air for some distance, poise a moment, and then start in the proper direction. It is supposed that these birds fly correctly to their home not merely from a matter of instinct, as is exhibited in other animals, but from their superior intelligence, observation, and memory.

ARMY.

AN INCENTIVE TO WORK.

COMPETITION is not only the life of trade, but of everything else, provided of course that it is imbued with a healthy spirit. It is not alone the mere winning of the prize—be it a gold medal or a wreath of laurels—that acts as the incentive, but it is the glory and honor of being first among your fellow-men. Recognizing this fact, Mr. R. C. Jackson, Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, offered last year five gold medals to the clerks in five classes of the service who should have the best record for the year, and best acquit themselves in competitive examinations. The latter trials were held early in the month, and it is wonderful with what speed and accuracy the human machine can work. One man in distributing 6886 cards bearing the names of post-offices, and placing them in their proper shelves, received a percentage of 99.08 for correctness, and sorted 24 cards a minute. These clerks are those that make up the bags of letters on the train, and expedite the work of the distributing offices. Each class of the division was represented by three men, and the winners were C. E. Roe, A. S. Pawling, G. P. Keck, H. P. Swift, and W. A. Van Brocklin, the latter making the above average. The celerity with which these men perform their labors is amazing, and a credit to the department; and when one realizes the enormous amount of mail matter that is handled, even the mind of the statistician is troubled. These rewards serve a twofold purpose in inciting the men to careful and quick work, and also bring before the public certain details that have hitherto been unknown. These medals were given to the men recently, at a meeting in the New York Post-office, and the announcement is also made that the Postmaster-General has offered medals for the coming year for each division. The spirit of competition so carried out cannot fail to produce good results, and the honor of winning in any contest has its own personal reward.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MARCH 24th, APRIL 20th, 1892.

YELLOWSTONE PARK,
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FORMING TRIPS OF VARIABLE DURATION.
Most Superbly Appointed TOURS ever offered.

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For Itineraries, Reservations of Space, and all information, apply to Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
Chas. E. Pugh, General Manager. J. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent.

This ace painted on the rock is the trade-mark of the United States Printing Co., Cincinnati, O., and all "United States" Playing Cards have this trademark for the Ace of Spades card. It is printed on every card case. None are genuine without it.

Mention where you saw this advertisement, enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and get in return "The Card-Players' Companion."

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,
RUSSELL & MORGAN FACTORIES, CINCINNATI, O.

KODAKS are always sold loaded ready for immediate use. They can be used for roll films or glass plates. The new Daylight Kodak can be loaded in daylight. Registers exposures and locks automatically when a new film is turned into place.

$8.50 to $25.00

Send for Circulars. THE EASTMAN COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BREWSTER & CO.,
(OF BROOME ST.),
BROADWAY, 47th to 48th Streets, New York.
ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS.
COACH & WAGON BUILDERS.
MANUFACTURERS OF EVERY VARIETY OF
Pleasure Carriages,
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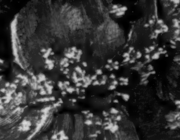

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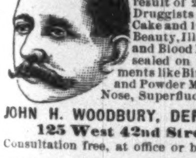

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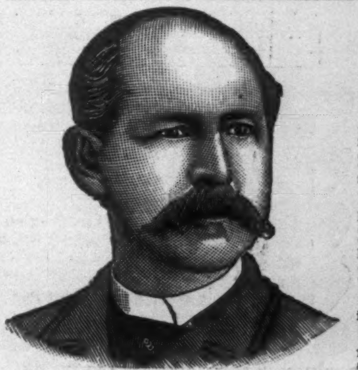

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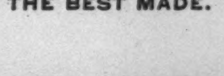

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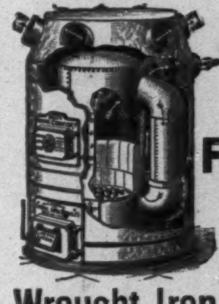

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